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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1926 — NUMBER 33

Bores

THERE was one thing that could be said in favor of a college education in the liberal arts: perhaps it did not teach you much, but at least you were freed from that awed respect for mere collections of facts which is too common among the self-educated, and you learned not to unload the tiny little that you did know on your neighbor, and call that conversation. It was made clear to you that an individual might have the names of the leading pharaohs, the dates of the English kings, or the formulas for all the hydrocarbons, and yet be little better than a fool.

The advertisers in the magazine columns who offer cheap and easy cuts to social success have a different idea, and if their propaganda is successful we shall soon be afflicted with thousands of the most intolerable bores that ever afflicted humanity! Culture, according to their advertisements, is not something that you possess and enjoy; it is a trick to fool the world with. It is a cosmetic which paints the blush of wisdom on the pale cheeks of ignorance or stupidity. The purchaser does not have to study, does not have to possess the goods which are bought, so to speak, on margin, does not even have to be intelligent. His name on the dotted line and five minutes a day guarantee that he will seem a cultured man without the inconvenience of being one.

The royal road to the appearance of being educated first led to a shelf of books the reading of which was to assure a liberal education. They were good books. If the readers did not always emerge with the equivalent of a B.A., yet they profited. Then the shelf-full shrank to a single volume; it was too much to expect aspirants for easy culture to read so many books, and such hard ones. An efficiency expert could readily see that so much labor was quite unnecessary in order to attain the end usually desired, which was not to know but to make others think that you knew, not to enjoy learning but to entertain company with miscellaneous information when and if they needed it. Indeed there was always the possibility that the patient would stick in the second volume, and that cultured conversation for him would have to be limited to a few subjects—Aeronautics or Addison or Agriculture or Æschylus.

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One book was different. Could the culture of all the ages be crammed between two covers? Perhaps not. But it was not culture after all that was being sold, but only its earmarks. It was quite unnecessary to reprint Shakespeare when a dozen apt quotations would set a dinner party gaping at your erudition, and time wasted to read the history of Egypt if some judiciously selected paragraphs enabled the humblest intellect to "knock them in the eye" with the essential facts about Tutankhamen. One book, and five minutes a day, and you should be able to talk a little about almost anything.

The purveyors of such books no longer offer a liberal education. With dangerous honesty they promise no more than that you will be able to cheat your friends. For a moderate sum they agree to wrap any ass in a lion's skin; and the asses will soon be upon us in droves. American conversation is none too lively now. When these apostles of the new culture succeed in persuading the public that Dante, Kamchatka, Chinese bronzes, Pirandello, or an account of the Diesel engine must be brought into every cultivated conversation, we shall be in for a reign of terror. A pedantic highbrow is bad enough, but a pedantic lowbrow is a menace to

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Amusement Park

By LEE WILSON DODD

LAUGHTER of comrades, laughter . . .
Faint, gay laughter of lovers, tinkle of glass and lass;
Song from the shadowy dunes, the lighted, tremulous pier,
Lighted . . shadowy songs . . .
Loud cold laughter of throngs
By the Merry-go-round—
By the sea . . .
Sound from the sea, and a sound
That is like the sea—
Feet of men shuffling and passing, shuffling, shuffling and passing . . .

O God, if Thou art,
In my brain, in my breaking heart,
Be known unto me!
For I dread the sea, and a sound that echoes the sea—
Feet of men passing, passing, passing, passing away
Day after day, day after lonely day . . .

Whisper of lovers . . friendly hail to a friend . . .
Yes, and the end—?
Tender, difficult words . . or resonant, brave
As the surge of a wave!—now impotent, hushed, withdrawing . . .
Raucous rowdies are cawing,
Crows of the night . . .
While the wail of a dwindling train
Emerges, is lost again . . .

O God, I am sick with fright!
O God, God, if Thou art,
Be known unto me!
I am mad from this sea of sound that mimics the sea—
Feet of men shuffling and passing, passing away . . .
Day after day . . . after day . . . . .

This Week

"Science and the Modern World." Reviewed by *Ernest S. Bates.*

"The Art Theatre." Reviewed by *Thomas H. Dickinson.*

"Genesis of the Constitution." Reviewed by *Charles Warren.*

"Later Correspondence of Lord John Russell." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*

"Relations." Reviewed by *Stanley Went.*

Newcomers. By *Paul Rosenfeld.*

Next Week

"The Intimate Papers of Colonel House." Reviewed by *Wickham Stead.*

Mangan and His Rosaleen

By CAMERON ROGERS

ROIS GHEAL DUBH, "Dark-haired, fair-skinned Rose." Roisin Dubh, the beautiful, the passionate, the sad. Virginal, lithe-limbed, and delicately breasted, her lovers and her bards make a great fellowship but between them and their desire the sword has always lain. Mangan, lover and bard alike, is not the least of them and indeed as in the originals of the hereditary bard of the great clan Conaill, there runs in his translations from the Erse a passion more personal than her poets today have come to feel. Roisin is his own Rosaleen, his life, his love, his saint of the saints. Mangan the meanly-born, the gutter-bred, the alcoholic of uneasy potations and cobbled couches, somehow in the outrageous brutality of his life held to this one love, though for him as for so many who had gone before and who have followed after him, that sword of misery still lay between. He never enjoyed Ireland. The mistress of Hugh the Red O'Donnell and Shane O'Neill, lusty noblemen and swordsmen whose attempted unions with her had proved not only barren but bloody, treated the Dublin penny-journalist with no respect save that of harder blows.

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Fishamble Street in Dublin was a mean and dirty street in 1803. There was nothing feudal about the household in it of James Mangan, Senior, of Shanagolden in Limerick, the keeper of poor shops, the purveyor of mildewed groceries. In Limerick he had been a local roustabout, a boozing bully who stole when he could and robbed when he dared. In Dublin with assizes, so to speak, next door, he made an honest living cheating ragged customers for farthings and boasted in later years of how his children feared him. It was true. His children did fear him, with a terrible staring fear that caught them hideously long after his unlamented death if they saw upon the street some wight with a furtive shamble or heard a voice possessed of a certain unforgotten rasp. He beat them as he beat their mother, cunningly and with definite intent. James, his son, and the bard of the Dark Rosaleen, born in Fishamble Street in 1803, suffered shrewdly from the hour a bruised and dreary woman bore him into the world until the June morning when a few friends bore him out of it into the warm grasses of Glasnevin. Perhaps he was fashioned to suffer, created with a nature too tender and too sensitive for traffic among men, so that the subtle comeliness of Roisin Dubh might the more helplessly enslave him. He went miserably to school to an unknown Dominie who taught in Derby-square, a noisome chink between the castle and the Liffey. At fifteen he went to work for a scrivener, handing the coppers that he earned over to his mother that she might not starve. What happened to him was of less moment. Frequently he did starve. Like Francis Thompson he racked a constitution naturally feeble by a scheme of life so irregular and barren of sustaining things that in the end food and warmth held no effect for him. So, like Thompson, he took to other nourishment.

For seven years he copied and then for three he served as attorney's clerk to a member of the Society of the King's Inns. He went ragged, empty, cold. Destitution paced him, confident and sneering, whose little feet in their broken shoes moved desperately fast lest they freeze upon the stones and whose fine head, bent already in an attitude familiar in sad men of seventy, trembled as the wind rose and rushed the narrow streets. He was twenty-five

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when he ceased to clerk. He had read when he should have been eating, when he should have been sleeping, sometimes when he should have been working. Romance, like a capricious courtesan whose taste for the rich and golden young man has turned suddenly to one for the penniless, poetic waif, was suddenly and unjustifiably and cruelly, to give him of her favors. A visitor in a house where, of three sisters, one was beautiful and more than ordinarily witty, it was Mangan's inevitable tragedy to fall in love. The girl, who besides her comeliness and charm of mind, possessed less admirable qualities of heart, seems to have led him on until, poor devil, he actually believed himself upon the threshold of a sort of paradise of dreams come true, a world of which hitherto he had seen only the argent reflection in inaccessible skies. Then she laughed in his face, grew bitter at his presumption, and turned him out of doors.

Mangan fell from his unstable heaven no less far than did Lucifer from his save that in his smitten consciousness there was no dawn to mark his passage, no dawn nor dewy eve. The slime which before had clung to his poor feet now crusted him to the eyes. Mangan was never one of your strong, independent men. This last ladder to redemption kicked from beneath him, he gave up the fight. With his few coins to buy him ingress, he sought out unlovely hovels in evil byways and drank cheap whiskey until between wheeling fits of nausea he saw the world as it was not. For a while sobriety became for him a crucifixion, a torment. In the few hours between the pursuit of his days, that of buying and drinking his spirits, he made another friend who betrayed his confidence and who made off from him jeering, leaving Mangan, bewildered as a child wrongfully punished, more than ever convinced that the world was a midden upon which the most disgusting offal were the men most blessed. Whiskey began to lose its strength for him. He might no longer drink a quart to fall retching in the gutter, his body tortured but his mind singularly at peace in a pleasant haven not too soon to disappear. He turned from whiskey to opium.

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Woman had twisted him into a poor spill of nothing and thrown him away, but there was love in him that burgeoned heedless of outrageous dissipation. Rosaleen, Roisin, Rois, or as she is also known, Caitilin Ni Uallachain, more desirable than any maiden of human flesh, might still be wooed, and not impossibly, be won. He might have bethought him that Rosaleen was wont to withhold her love until her suitors had been dust in her valleys for generations but it was the exceptions that occurred to him, Tom Moore, for instance. In any case, he loved Rosaleen and his tributes began to appear in journals, sometimes under his own name but more often under unsubtle pen-names, "Vacuus" or "Terrae Filius." He performed translations from the German poets, Schiller, Uhland, Tieck, Kerner, Bürger, Goethe, Immerman, and others, but far more notable than these, translations from the Celtic bards of the great Septs. It was at this time that his mind and his ragged heart became fused to the production of a love-poem which has but few equals and in one's opinion no superiors in the language. The original is the Tyrconnel bard's but the translation, if such it may be called, is Mangan's and a work of genius as surely as Conaill's Singer's is no more than a moving and melodious poem.

O, my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
  They march along the Deep.
There's wine . . . from the royal Pope,
  Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

None but the Irish can write such passionate lines as these of their country. The French are more boisterous or less strongly fibred in their outpourings to France and in this quality the French come nearest to the Irish. It may be said that no Irishman besides Mangan has achieved the unforgettable beauty of this poem. It may not all be quoted. It is not brief but there is no one stanza that fails.

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move.
The very soul within my breast
  Is wasted for you, love!
The heart . . . in my bosom faints
  To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my Saint of Saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen.

The brutal clubbing of alcohol and the subtler, and more formidable attack of opium, could have no effect on such a love as this, sensuous, vital, incredibly dear.

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
  Shall girdle me with steel.
At home . . . in your emerald bowers,
  From morning's dawn to e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through Daylight's hours,
  My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen.

Possibly the hereditary bard of Clan Conaill was a happier man than Mangan, possessed, perhaps of a tall wife who divided with Rosaleen his love, for in him there is a devotion, but it is formalized and his passion savors of convention. Another and without doubt a more literal version of this poem trips more lightly and without dignity:

O Roisin mine! droop not nor pine, look not so dull!
The Pope from Rome hath sent thee home a pardon full!
The priests are near: O! never fear! from Heaven above
They come to thee—they come to free my Roisin Dubh!

Mangan's Rosaleen receives every impulse, every talent, every emotion that is in him. She is beloved as a beautiful woman is beloved for her body which is beautiful and for her soul which is more beautiful. Nothing is stinted her, nothing is held back from her. Adoration in its full measure is poured out beneath her feet. Mangan in the unclean depths of some two-a-penny dive might still lay hold of the fragrant train of her garments and speak his passion, confident that its sincerity made him clean and returned to him his soul.

A time came when he emerged from the mud, the vision of his love niched deep within him, and was given some small employment in the Library of Trinity College. Perched like a distressful fowl upon high ladders against dusty shelves he read and dreamt for hours, his unique suit of brown clothes blending strangely with the shadows that slept like bats near the ceiling. He made his contributions to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, the *Irish Penny Journal*, the *Nation* and the *United Irishman*, singularly beautiful translations that amplified gloriously the originals, and for weeks at a time he remained sober, a young man still in the thirties who looked more than sixty, gentle, sweet mannered as a nice child. And then, quite without fail, the day would come when Mangan would fail to arrive. No one worried about him at the library for why worry, the reason for his non-appearance was always the same. He had been found in the gutters of Bride-street or Peter-street, quite drunk, his blue eyes dulled and his curious bleached hair in stained disorder, and had been taken into custody. The Dublin constabulary, Irishmen with a love for the history of which he sang, came to know him and when they picked him up, were gentle with him, combing his hair and brushing his clothes before setting him upon his way again, tremulous and infinitely pathetic. Perhaps they repeated to themselves those lines in which the bard of the gallant Sarsfield mourned for the dead of the Boyne. Certainly most of them knew them and knew that the tottering white-headed little figure that they had just salvaged had much to do with the tragic splendor of that lament.

How many a noble soldier, how many a cavalier,
Careered along this road . . . seven fleeting weeks ago,
With silver-hilted sword, with watchlock and with spear,
  Who now, movrone, lieth low!
  Ohone! Ullagone!

In 1845 his translations from the German Poets were collected and published beneath the crushing title of "Anthologia Germanica." Contemporary opinion, now dimly aware that Mangan actually existed, considered these not without distinction and the best work that he had done. Today such an estimate may justly be termed absurd. These translations from the German, numerous as they are and excellent as are a few, cannot in their totality be valued as highly as one stanza of "Dark Rosaleen." Mangan in the intervals between his perchings in the library of T. C. D. and his shattering periods upon the cobbles of Bride-street and Peter-street continued, even after the publication of the Anthologia to translate, but after 1845 it would seem as if in his shadowed Celtic consciousness, now further clouded by astonishing hallucinations, the warning of his weird had sounded. The Teuton poets began to lose their charm for him. Rosaleen claimed his last years almost entirely for her own. He achieved a translation of an old Jacobite song in which Rosaleen was called by her other name, Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, and of the two versions which he completed that one least often selected for publication among his works is the more vital.

Let none believe this lovely Eve outworn or old—
Fair is her form; her blood is warm, her heart is bold.
Though strangers long have wrought her wrong, she will
  not fawn—
Will not prove mean, our Caitilin Ni Uallachain
is more ringing than
  Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,
  Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and
    banned;
Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand;
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathleen Ny-Houlahan!

But after his death certain men of friendly intent who sought to put his papers in some order could find but the latter version. Indeed, it was some years before his contributions to the journals could be collected, hidden as they were in obscure files and by devious pen-names. He worked too upon translations from what he was pleased to call the "Ottoman" but the sources he would on occasion quote were usually quite imaginary. One of these translations, though in all probability it found its only source in himself, is worthy of note not only because Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch placed it in his Anthology of Victorian Verse. It possesses that same broken pleasure in a golden youth that in a far more pathetic poem, "Twenty Golden Years Ago," wrenches the heart. One knows too well what Mangan's youth was like.

When he was forty-six years old it became clear to his friends that Mangan still survived only through the absent-mindedness of the Fates. Mangan himself believed that Atropos, grown a little wrist-weary perhaps, was merely putting off her activities in his behalf from day to day. Opium and whiskey and peculiarly iniquitous brandy had left such savage marks upon him and within him that when his friends the constabulary now plucked him from his crevices of involuntary repose, they felt between their hands the fragile body of a child. On the 13th of June, 1849, he fell ill of the cholera and was taken to the Meath Hospital. Obviously his illness might not be long nor his cure possible. He died upon the 20th and was buried in the cemetery of Glasnevin where for years no headstone marked the place of his last and swift decay.

In such anthologies as "Poets of the Nineteenth Century" and Dana's "The Household Book of Poetry," compiled and published not incredibly long ago, Mangan's name found no hospitality. In justice to editors of such anthologies, roughly of his own generation, it must be said that until fairly recent years his work could not be found. He never wrote for any but Irish journals and those not greatly distinguished. Possibly it is fortunate that this was so for he was an Irishman, a rebel politically, and a Papist. Not qualifications acceptable to the gentlemen of *The Quarterly*.

In the end, however, Rosaleen, his love, placed him among the elect of her many lovers. Beautiful unhappy maiden, surely when she did so it was time. Perhaps after all her treatment of him was no more harsh than that which received Sarsfield or Fitzgerald or Wolf Tone. They follow no easy path who woo the Roisin Dubh. "Twenty Golden Years Ago" may be briefly quoted even though its value as a poem is nowise notable. There is in it a pathos difficult to describe, a dingy gallantry, an attempt at a tragic, devil-may-care gaiety faintly Byronic and utterly painful:

Perhaps 'tis better;—Time's defacing waves,
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
  Scarce could love me were they living now;
  But my loneliness hath darker ills—
  Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.
  Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
    Twenty golden years ago!

Oh pitiful braggadocio! There were left in Mangan's tortuous and muddy path no maidens violated or betrayed and as for tailors or their bills, poor loon, he knew them no more than he knew happiness or sobriety. His one great love and his one brown habit lasted him the best part of his lifetime.

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Mathematics Repentant

SCIENCE AND THE MODERN WORLD. By ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

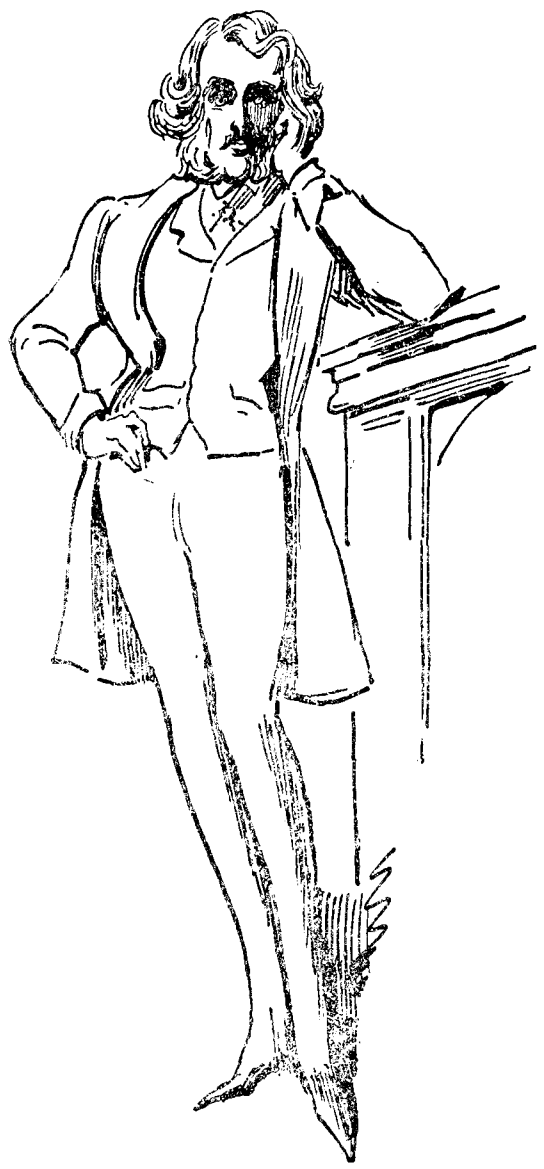
MATERIALISM is not infrequently construed as a kind of brutal, crude, instinctive philosophy appropriate to Caliban; its opponents are fond of defaming it as "base materialism." In reality, materialism is a highly intellectual, rational, almost ethereal system of thought; it was devised not by Caliban (whose philosophy, incidentally, was spiritualistic) but by one of the subtlest and deepest of Greek philosophers; it inspired the loftiest of Roman poets; and it was reasserted in the modern world primarily through the efforts of a series of great mathematicians. The labors of Galileo, Kepler, Gassendi, Descartes, and Newton—all mathematicians—ended by establishing the doctrine of scientific materialism as an apparently satisfactory explanation of physical nature. For mathematics deals with the ordered relations of any and all entities whatsoever regardless of the internal character of these entities, and the atoms of physics were until recently merely the embodiment of abstract mathematical entities moving eternally through an abstract space in accordance with abstract laws. The relevancy of mathematics to the concrete physical world has been shown during three centuries by the steady progress of the pure and applied sciences, based upon these abstract conceptions, which has ended by transforming our entire mode of living. While man ascribed magical powers to nature he remained her slave; as soon as he came to regard her as passive, mechanical, and lifeless, he began to conquer her. That is one outstanding and impressive fact of modern history.

There are other equally outstanding facts, however, which are less satisfying. The scientific conception of nature stripped her of the delightful "secondary qualities"—color, sound, and scent—which became simply human interpretations or misinterpretations of one or another kind of motion. Ethical values likewise became mere human aberrations in the "real world" of purposeless mechanism. Now, however useless the secondary qualities may be as physical causes, without them beauty fades away into pure mathematics. And however indifferent nature may seem toward our aspirations, if religion can find no other goal for the latter than our activities, religion fades into nothingness. Our triumph over nature has been obtained at a high price. We have robbed our ancient mother so ruthlessly that now she submits, indeed, but will no longer smile upon us or assist us in our times of greatest need.

Objections to scientific materialism began to appear almost as soon as its formation. The revolt of Berkeley in the eighteenth century was renewed more violently in the nineteenth by the idealistic movement in philosophy and the romantic school in poetry. But these protests were, in a sense, premature and inadequate, since they were obliged perforce to recognize the conclusions of science as entirely convincing in its own sphere; they attempted to solve the problem by a larger vision, in which mechanical nature, however, still remained as an ugly, arbitrary, and ominous element. The nature of nature—which constitutes the underlying problem—remained as the seventeenth century mathematicians left it. It is evident that like the spear of Achilles which alone could heal the wounds that it inflicted, mathematical science alone, by renouncing its unhallowed powers, can exorcise the ghosts which it has raised.

And now at last mathematical science has entered upon a definitely repentant mood. Or we might say that the passivity of nature during the past three centuries was only a courteous pretense and that she has begun to reveal her disdain for mechanism by a series of explicit utterances which mathematical science, always honest, has faithfully recorded. The inner nature of the atom turns out to be anything but passive. Its electronic elements not only act but act in a most amazing way, regardless of space, time, and logic. Thus the electron apparently has the impudence to outdo Zeno in paradox as it leaps from orbit to orbit instantaneously, passing scornfully through space in no time at all. Nature has suddenly become a difficult problem for the mathematician as well as for everybody else. And since it is just when problems become difficult that they become illuminating, we are evidently in at the beginning of a new conception of nature destined to supplant that of the last three centuries.

Mr. Alfred N. Whitehead is probably, since the rise or decline of Mr. Russell into social philosophy, the most distinguished living mathematical philosopher. His most recent work, "Science and the Modern World,"* carries on the attempt of his earlier volumes, "An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Natural Knowledge," "The Concept of Nature," and "The Principle of Relativity," to meet the new difficulties with new philosophic methods. No one of the three is easy reading nor could it be expected to be. "Science and the Modern World" is unnecessarily difficult, however, in that it constantly juxtaposes two very different manners of writing,—a fairly popular account of the development and effects of modern mechanistic science, and a highly recondite and technical explanation of the interrelated concepts which Mr. Whitehead would substitute for the materialistic system. It would have been far simpler and clearer to have presented the factual and the philosophical matter successively instead of contemporaneously.



EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

A drawing by the author, Harry Furniss, Jr., for "Paradise in Piccadilly" (Doran).

In the historical portions, Mr. Whitehead traces the rise of mechanism in the seventeenth century which he characterizes as "the century of genius," its acceptance in the eighteenth, and the unavailing rebellion against it in the nineteenth. He dwells at considerable length upon the influence of modern science in fostering a narrow spirit of professionalism, an exclusively intellectual and formalized education, a bourgeois ideal of comfort converting religion into a gospel of bovine complacency, and, worst of all, an acceptance of force as the basis of political and industrial success. These evils are of course not to be laid at the door of science alone, but Mr. Whitehead has no difficulty in showing that science has aided rather than retarded them.

His theory of nature, Mr. Whitehead calls "an organic" theory. The ultimate unit of actuality for him is no hard repellent particle of matter, located definitely at one point of space-time, but a rhythmic pattern of immaterial qualities, which mirrors its environment and extends as far as its relationships extend. This might seem to mean that there is no real unit smaller than the universe, but Mr. Whitehead, under the influence of Leibnitz, and determined not to sacrifice the part to the whole, clings to a monadistic interpretation. The character of the monad depends upon its own qualities as well as upon its environment. By utilizing the idea of different space-time systems in the theory of relativity, Mr. Whitehead believes that he is able to explain the disconnected electronic orbits referred to above. His own main theory involves also the conception of a "substantializing activity," one of whose attributes is a principle of limitation which selects out of the infinite realm of possibilities the particular set which is actually realized. This attribute is God, whose being alone preserves individual existences from lapsing into the welter of universal qualities and relationships. Spinoza's Substance is thus given the pleasing duty, in Mr. Whitehead's system, of preserving individuality instead of annihilating it into itself. There seems to be some confusion here, since God as one among other attributes of Substance—although the others are unspecified—is held not to be the source of the metaphysical situation, for that, we are told, would be to make him "the origin of all evil as well as of all good," but is one in whose very nature it stands "to divide the Good from the Evil," whereas it is just in actuality, in the corrupted currents of this world, for which God is held responsible by Mr. Whitehead, that good and evil are mixed, while it is in the metaphysical situation, for which He is not responsible, that they are eternally distinct. Mr. Whitehead constantly trembles on the brink of an idealism—indeed he professes only a "provisional realism"—from which he is apparently held back by his memory of the failure of traditional idealisms to account for nature. But an objective idealism which took its start from an explanation of the actual order of nature would manifestly be not a negation of science but a supreme consummation of science.

Such a brief summary and criticism in popular language is utterly inadequate to either the subtleties or the difficulties of a work bristling with such technical phrases as "the synthetic activity which prehends valueless possibility into superjicient informed value" or pages of close reasoning devoted to the construction of an "Abstractive Hierarchy" of eternal objects abstracted in one direction from possibility and in the opposite direction from actuality. For the layman, the importance of the work lies in its assertion of organic patterns instead of meaningless lumps of matter as the units of physics, its assertion of the adaptation of environment to organism as well as of organism to environment, and finally its reassertion of the being of God as a necessity for the physical existence of the world. For the philosopher it is all this and much more—the much more residing in the overwhelming importance of even the adumbration of a new metaphysical system.

*This important book will be discussed in its psychological aspects in a later number.

New Ideas in the Theatre

THE ART THEATRE. By SHELDON CHENEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS H. DICKINSON

Author of "The Insurgent Theatre"

WHAT has roughly been called "the new movement in the theatre" had a much later appearance in America than it had on the other side of the Atlantic. Perhaps for this reason, when the movement was once released on these shores it operated with a speed, an energy, and a vitality unknown anywhere in Europe save in Russia, and it began at a point much farther on. Viewed extraneously the renascence of the theatre in Europe was a matter of organization; viewed from the inside it was a matter of liberation. When Matthew Arnold wrote "the theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre," and Duse wrote "the theatre must be destroyed," they were referring to the outer and inner aspects of the same problem. France, Germany, and England brought forward their "free" theatres, their "independent" theatres, as contributions to the social structure of stage art. Strange as it may seem the theatrical battles of thirty years ago in Europe had little to do with the art of the theatre as such, save as they provided the conditions in which, incidentally, the artists of the theatre could work.

Outside of, and decidedly above, the mêlée, there was one man who has never, even to this day, risen to the proportions of a "movement" in Europe. Gordon Craig was a prophet and inspired exemplar of a new creative energy in the theatre. His work remains to this day, by and large, beyond the reach

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of Europeans. It represents the justification, and the application to concrete artistic ends, of all the wordy arguments, about it and about, that make up the papasserie of the modern theatre. In Europe, Gordon Craig remains a man with a mission, a man without a country. In America, he is "the new movement in the theatre."

It all began quite abruptly. We too had had our experimental theatres, our insurgent theatres, our tentatives toward a new organization. Good intentioned as these were they were leading nowhere until a group of Gordon Craig's disciples, some direct from the shrine in Florence, some touched with a wand at a distance, brought the message to America that whatever else the theatre may be, it is essentially, first and foremost, an Art. Among the first to spread this message was Sheldon Cheney. In his earliest book, "The New Movement in the Theatre," issued in 1914, and in *The Theatre Arts Quarterly* which he was active in inaugurating, he made bold to point theatre reformers to the one thing needful if their effort was not to be wasted. He helped to establish "the new movement in the theatre" as primarily an "art" movement, and not a movement in sociology, education, or insurgent politics. For this service all praise to him.

* * *

Our obligation is now increased by the present appearance of a new book in which the same message is given with an even greater wisdom and particularity. Technically, Mr. Cheney's "The Art Theatre" is a revised edition of an earlier work; in effect it is a new contribution to the subject. It is the reasoned and sage statement by a man of experience who writes in the midst of events rather than the theoretical speculation of the prophet who is facing events to come. The best features of the old book are not lost. The fighting idealism, the absolute standards, are there still. But the art theatre movement in America has gone a long way since that first book was written and Cheney himself has been busy. Of all this his readers now have the advantage.

"The art of the present should no longer seek only the beautiful but also the good," wrote the young Victor Hugo a hundred years ago. It was a fearsome pronunciamento that has been rather too well obeyed. Time has now put another face on matters. Our moralists and correctivists have tinkered the stage until it creaks. Other arts have suffered in the same way but painting and music are protected by their specialized technical character. Only the stage is everyman's business. Unless the stage can fall into the hands of the artists, with all this term implies of craftsmanship, wisdom, and discipline, the stage is lost. If any one is in doubt as to just what is implied by art in the theatre let him read the chapter entitled "Ideals of the Art Theatre" in Mr. Cheney's book. I would assign it alike to advanced playgoers, critics, and producers, to all indeed who, thinking the task of theatre building an easy one, are ready with censure and facile prescriptions of reform, or those others who, knowing it to be difficult, beat their breasts and fall into despondency.

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"The first ideal of art theatre production," Mr. Cheney writes, "is not merely simplified and suggestive settings, or ensemble acting, or poetic plays; it is the attainment of this elusive quality which makes for rounded-out, spiritually unified productions. I used to call it the synthetic ideal." Cheney objects to the present associations of the term "synthetic" with automobiles and gin but the word is too good to lose. For a synthesis is precisely what a play is, a synthesis of the palpable factors of play, settings, action, music, and dance with the impalpable factors of the spirit of the time and the psychology of the audience, the whole illuminated and informed by an artist who is at once sculptor, architect, poet, and orchestral director. Manifestly such a conception as this puts the artist-director in first place. Mr. Cheney accepts this conclusion.

For reasons that do not need to be enumerated here the progress of the art theatre idea, and even the experimental work of its organization, has largely been in the hands of the artists of design. With these facts in mind it is notable how far these artists have liberated themselves from the trammels of their craft by that dynamic something that inheres in the theatre. Gordon Craig, Robert Edmond Jones, Thomas Wood Stevens, Norman Bel Geddes, and Sheldon Cheney himself, to mention a representative few, come to the art theatre from the studios rather than from the stage. No one has been truer to the dramatic principle than these men have been. Their freedom from the inhibitions of the "practical," that cynical disease from which our stage has been suffering, has done much to point the way for the return of drama to its more lusty energies.

Mr. Cheney's volume arouses my admiration and enthusiasm. The author is so well grounded in his subject, he carries his matter so easily, that he can be scholarly without being weighty. The book is indeed a mine of information on the contemporary art of the theatre in Europe and America. It is indicative of the sanity of the author's view that he treats The Artist-Director, Actors and Acting, and The Question of Plays before he considers Stage Settings. In addition he offers a survey of present conditions, a historical sketch of the art theatre, as well as interesting chapters on audiences, organization, and management. The critical bibliography is particularly useful. The book is well illustrated and beautifully made, and should be of particular interest at this moment when an exhibition of the art of the theatre is under way in New York City.

The American Constitution

GENESIS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By BRECKENRIDGE LONG. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by CHARLES WARREN

Author of "Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court"

"A FULL comprehension of a given instrument, either of constitutional or of legislative origin, necessitates a knowledge of the history—consequently of the psychology—of the people by whom the law was expressed," writes Mr. Long. He has attempted in this book to trace the historical origins of the political and governmental ideals which the framers embodied in the American Constitution, in 1787. He rightly finds the first instance of a "government of the people, by the people, for the people" in the covenant framed in the cabin of the Mayflower, when, without semblance of right or authority from King or Parliament, the Pilgrims did

> solemnly and mutually in ye presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine our selves togeather into a civill body politick, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by virtue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just and equall laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

This was a rudimentary form of a Constitution. In 1639, three Connecticut towns adopted "Fundamental Orders," by which a full framework of a federal form of government was instituted. It is interesting to note Mr. Long's theory that from the ideas embodied in these "Fundamental Orders" sprang the so-called "Connecticut Compromise" in the Federal Convention of 1787. In 1643, Commisioners met in Boston and adopted the "Articles of the New England Confederation." These articles while recognizing the sovereignty of each subscribing colony, vested certain governmental powers in the federation.

While the royal charters granted to the Colonies were in no sense of the word "Constitutions," they contained terms of self-government which rooted themselves strongly in the later State Constitutions adopted from 1776 to 1784. The Proprietary charters of Maryland and Pennsylvania contained considerable recognition of popular sovereignty and of inalienable individual rights—out of which their State Constitutions developed very naturally. Political ideals of union were embodied as early as 1692 by William Penn, and later in 1754 in Benjamin Franklin's Albany Plan.

The Committees of Correspondence (initiated in Massachusetts and Virginia, not in New York as stated by Mr. Long) were a great feature in promoting the sense of unity among the Colonies, after 1772. It was not until five years after the Declaration of Independence that the independent sovereign States combined to form a true governmental bond between themselves in the Articles of Confederation.

It was with the background of all these various political institutions that the framers of the Constitution in 1787 began their work. Mr. Long rightly states, and the present reviewer in his recent book on "Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court" has pressed the point, that most of what may be termed the governmental mechanism contained in the Constitution was taken by the framers from the various State Constitutions adopted from 1776 to 1784—particularly from those of Massachusetts, New York, and Maryland.

* * *

The distinctive feature of Mr. Long's book lies in the clearness with which he shows that the Constitution was built from purely American material. Most writers and orators have hitherto insisted on the alleged fact that the American Constitution was derived largely from English precedents. Except so far as the rights contained in the first eight Amendments are concerned, the Constitution owes little to English precedent. It is purely an American document, derived from the political ideas and experience of the American colonies and States. No part of Mr. Long's book is more valuable or more original than his annotation of the Constitution, word by word; for in the 174 notes comprising this annotation he shows the exact sources from which were derived the phraseology of each article, section, clause, and phrase adopted by the framers.

One feature of the Constitution, however—its most fundamental—cannot be traced to any precedent—American or English—the dual system of government—the formation of a federal republic in which the States retained limited sovereignty over their citizens and a central government enforced its limited sovereignty through its own executive, legislative and judiciary, upon the individual citizens of the States. That essential part of the Constitution was the original work of the framers, carrying out ideas that had been floating in American minds since 1776.

Mr. Long has done his work well. It is to be regretted, however, that he did not include in his appendix the exact text of some of the older and less familiar source-documents to which he refers in his text, as they are not always easily consultable.

Sir Sidney Lee, who died this month, held a commanding place in English scholarship, won chiefly through his studies of the life and works of William Shakespeare. His "Life of William Shakespeare," first published in 1898 and since republished in several editions, is rated as perhaps the most important modern contribution to the subject.

He was born in London December 5, 1859, and educated at Oxford. As an educator he was associated chiefly with the University of London, of which he was dean of the faculty of arts from 1918 to 1922.

Sir Sidney also won recognition by his work in the field of historical biography and at the time of his death was engaged on a full biography of King Edward VII, which he had undertaken at the request of King George.

The first volume appeared last year and the second was nearing completion. Early in King George's reign an earlier sketch of his father by Sir Sidney drew his displeasure, and the writer later withdrew this sketch from the "Dictionary of National Biography," of which he was editor.

O. Henry is said to be the most popular American author in Russia. He is known among Russian readers as the "American Maxim Gorky." A new play called "The Colonial Romance," based on his "Cabbages and Kings," is now being produced in Moscow.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-president, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 33.
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Lord John Russell

THE LATER CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL. 1840-1878. Edited by G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott
Harvard University

IT has now been nearly forty years since Sir Spencer Walpole wrote his life of Lord John Russell and more than a decade since the early correspondence of Lord John was published. In that time the knowledge of the history and of the personalities of the nineteenth century has been increased by a volume of publications probably unparalleled in any country in any period save, perhaps, by the masses of material relating to the French Revolution and the Napoleonic era. In consequence this new contribution to biography has the advantage over its predecessors in the opportunity afforded its editor to enlarge and illuminate the correspondence with an amount and quality of information impossible of acquisition by even so eminent and accomplished a biographer as Walpole. Nor does the present editor yield even to Walpole in fitness for such a task as this. The Russell family, fortunate in many things, has been peculiarly fortunate in securing two such men to embalm the life of its great nineteenth century representative in such work as this.

In spite of his great services to his country, in spite of his talents and his personality, in spite even of Queen Victoria's attachment to him, or of the popular causes which he championed and which should have brought him even greater measure of popularity than they did, Lord John Russell never seems to have touched the general imagination in the same fashion as—we will not say Disraeli—even Gladstone managed to achieve. If we view the century just past as the era of nationalism and democracy, Lord John should certainly be accorded a high place in the affections of the champions of those causes. If we regard high office as the test of greatness, he must be regarded as one of the greater figures of the period, for he was twice prime minister. He was an early champion of parliamentary reform, he introduced the great Reform Bill of 1832, and carried it through the Commons with enormous credit to himself in the face of the bitterest opposition. Its passage made him the most popular man in England for the time being. But it was his great moment; he never reached those heights again. Despite the fact that he was a member of all or nearly all the Liberal ministries until his death, and was the head of two, despite the fact that he guided the destinies of England through some critical years with skill and success, in all his seventy-four years he never touched the height of 1832 again.

* * *

For this there were perhaps two reasons. A sickly child he never quite outgrew the nervous condition induced by his early struggle for existence, and was the greater part of his life what is called "difficult." His personal appearance was against him; and, though a ready and occasionally a great speaker, especially in his quickness of retort, he had a weak voice and a poor public manner. He had none of the tact and personal charm of Melbourne, none of the grand manner of Gladstone, less than nothing of the cheerful audacity of Palmerston, and no greater contrast could be imagined than that between Russell and Disraeli. Much may be pardoned to a man with chronic indigestion, and much must be granted to the strength of spirit which resided in that feeble frame. Russell was in many ways a great man, but he had the misfortune to have those precise physical disabilities which go so far to nullify greatness in the minds of a public which judges so largely by sight and sound. Especially in his later years when physical disabilities began to overpower even his great spirit, he lost his hold upon not only the public but on affairs. Yet in the judgment of one who knew him well he was a great man, and there are few more touching tributes to any man in public life than the letter of the Queen to him on his retirement.

In one sense, then, this is a judgment of the value of the present volumes. They cover, indeed, the two prime ministries. They are made enormously more valuable by the introduction and the comments of the accomplished editor. Yet one who goes to them for the vigorous entertainment which some of his contemporaries afford, or even for a great addition to his knowledge will not, perhaps, be fully satisfied. It goes without saying that they are indispensable for a more complete knowledge of the period; for the history of that period without Lord John Russell would never be complete. They touch on many things which we are glad to know and to have available. They will take their place on the shelves of history as finally completing the record of the man and his share in the period in which he played his part.

A Gifted Amateur

RELATIONS. By Sir Harry Johnston. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2 net.

Reviewed by Stanley Went

"ONE has come to speak these days of a "Johnston novel," and the appearance of a new one is a mild literary event. Thus we have traveled some distance since the author of "The Gay Dombeys" was regarded as a remarkable example of that rare phenomenon, a man who not only had up his sleeve the one novel that every man is supposed to keep there, but who actually produced it. Yet despite the growing list of fiction credited to Sir Harry he remains still the gifted amateur—the distinguished explorer, naturalist, servant of empire, who has turned, in later life, to novel-writing as a hobby.

One can only wish there were more such gifted amateurs. His methods would flabbergast the principal of a school of fiction-writing; but, after all, method is largely a matter of fashion. It is doubtful whether the modern stage convention of the telephone to reveal a situation is really a great deal better than the old-fashioned soliloquy. It is all a question of what one's ear is attuned to. At any rate, to enjoy a Johnston novel one must enter into the spirit of it and accept the Johnston conventions. When, for example, Sir Harry is anxious to give the reader a description of his hero's brother-in-law, the hero is likely to address the wife of his bosom in some such naïve terms as these: "As you no doubt know, my dear, your eldest brother is not particularly goodlooking. He has a turned-up nose and a squint. But, as no doubt you also know, he is really a very good-hearted fellow."

The fact is, Sir Harry is so intent on carrying forward the story and telling the reader what he thinks about an amazing variety of questions that he doesn't give a hang about the means employed. However achieved, the result is one of the main essentials of a good novel—a definite sense of progression. This one gets to quite an astonishing degree in Sir Harry's latest book, "Relations." Here the author sets himself to tell the story of the first quarter of the present century. There is no plot, but only people and events and ideas. And before any of us who were bright young fellows at the beginning of the century and still think of ourselves as such—before we crack a smile at the expense of the Johnston manner, we should stop to ask ourselves why we haven't done the very thing that Sir Harry makes appear so simple, and if we had tried it, whether, with all our superior technique, we could have achieved that amazing sense of progression that with Sir Harry never fails. There is a touch of genius in the way this amateur novelist produces his effects. It is like looking at the work of a born artist. The line may be faulty, the perspective absurd, but somehow in the picture is a quality that defies analysis—the quality that one misses, for instance, in the impeccable correctness of a Lord Leighton and even in the perfection of the "faultless" Andrea del Sarto.

The story is told in brief in the title. Sir Harry takes as his central character a young Anglo-Australian (*aetat* thirty in the year 1900) and tells about the doings of his wife and children, his brothers and sisters, his in-laws and their aunts and cousins to all sorts of degrees of affinity, from the year 1900 to 1925. All of the everyday goings-on out of which Sir Harry makes his story he regards as a legitimate excuse (as indeed they are) for the freest possible expression of his own ideas, prejudices, hobbies, and predilections. He has an amazing number of ideas upon an amazing number of topics—woman suffrage, politics, the evils of free-masonry, the desirability of mothers nursing their children, the growing of tulips, the rearing of pigeons, the responsibility for the war, which latter, by the way, he divides between the Kaiser and the Czar. And with it all, Sir Harry is a real realist, much more real than most of the advanced young men who make a profession of realism.

Newcomers. II.

Emanuel Carnevali

I KNOW several people carrying "A Hurried Man"* round with them, passionately nosing in its glossy pages, devotees absorbed by the leaves of a little holy-book. I know people who would prefer parting, for the hour, with almost any volume in their libraries rather than with this of Emanuel Carnevali's. They are not perfectionists, the folk getting a marvelous corroboration of timely feeling through the small collection. Perfectionists can find relatively little in this piously edited miscellany of stories and book reviews, poems and addresses, upon which an unnaturally exquisite sense of form is safely to be pastured. Carnevali was only twenty-four when they shipped him from Chicago back to Bologna broken with encephalitis. It was in an adopted language that he had made his things. He was already sixteen when he ran from home to America in 1914. During his few years of creativeness he handled prose, narrative and critical, always more successfully than forms of verse; and half of his relic is "poetry."

Rest assured the Artist is strong in men finding a friend in the splendid tatters of his poor career. It is to the artist in the human frame that Carnevali speaks; in fervent, moving tones. With the grand number of the winter's publications, his paper-bound booklet has no connection. Those others are books merely, novels, assembled poems and studies, biographies, histories . . . "A Hurried Man" holds the truth of an hour, fixing a reigning mood, defining a general state. It is the book of homeless men. Content, pathos, form where it is active in the quasi-confessional narratives, were found by Carnevali through the types of the unrooted soul floating in every American city. Four or five significant variants spoke richly and accurately to him; and the homeless man, in one incarnation or another, is ourselves.

The rootlessness of poor immigrants struggling for adjustment to a bewildering, steely America, gave him a dramatic point of contact. An even larger, richer one was granted by the painfully unstable feelings of the adolescent outgrown the mothering home but still unripened for the world, helpless and hemmed in by the brutal contradictions of life as it is dreamed and life as experience will have it. The nonconformists for whom the "home" is an inadequate reality, or none at all, and overfilled with old bones, spoke equally deeply, intimately to him: the rebels suspended in the gaunt way in which neurosis stalks between a family mind and another, future, shapeless one; the gods or inferiors eager for Mondays and holiday endings because on Sundays and fête days the fat spectre of the home parades and lies that "the world is a garden of happy children and they are bugbears." He felt almost grandly the pain of the pitiful, sinister types unable to sustain any relationship almost grandly; and through the entire material quivers something of the restlessness present in America and over the globe wherever the ancient tribal ways and sanctions are defunct and men wander in emotional confusion.

The reality fitfully touched through these synthecized broad points of contact, stands more universal than any single one of them, or even all of them taken as one. His subject was always something of a symbol for Carnevali. Homelessness to him was always more a spiritual than a quasi-material state. Yelling, weeping, and cursing in adolescent intolerance, Carnevali was yet an artist, releasing feelings about life as a whole through manipulation of his medium. A sense of sorrow, not soft nor weak, but dignified and penetrating in all boyishness, was roused in him by the subject; perhaps had lain waiting for it all his life; and brought the deep in him in contact with impersonal forces. Italian blood and the Italian past indubitably made the adjustment and consequent release relatively less difficult for him the man of letters. Certainly, all artists, American or Italian, are able to touch eternal regions through even the most painful, squalid circumstances, and over their own slain bodies to feel the whole of life. Still, Carnevali's subject, the rootless and divided

*A HURRIED MAN. By Emanuel Carnevali. Paris: Contact Editions. Three Mountain Press. 1925.

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state, spiritual pain and endless insecurity, required of its manipulator a personal humility, a fund of selfless sorrow, a sense of the helplessness at the heart of life which shoots only of the old cultures possess. Most Americans are as yet too impatient and resentful of the helpless aspects of the universe to confess failure and weakness with as much humility, candor, and simplicity as Carnevali found. We show resentment of our disabilities in the disguise of social propaganda; and dote on pictures of "beautiful souls" against whom the universe leagues, and saviors strung to the crosses of Main Street. Deep civilization alone permits a Jules Leforgue to cry "Donc je suis un malheureux, et ce n'est ni ma faute ni celle de la vie!"

Or an Emanuel Carnevali to paraphrase the cry vociferously, racily, passionately in lyrical, nervously conducted prose! That medium, in stories and critical pieces, carefully informal, touches one how directly with the quick of the torn present; moves one how deeply despite thickly sown testimonials that the author was a neophyte among masters! Carnevali always had a material feeling for words, an attraction for the language which models and builds. He fingered ardently, patiently, for the pithy plastic term and phrase; sought them boldly amid slang and colloquialisms and the "splendid commonplaces;" admired Carl Sandburg for his whimsical use of the "wayward gab" of workers and criminals. And both his prose and the auriferous gravel of his verse are keenly amusing with finely used common language, and fresh ways of speech. Only form in the large sense pretty regularly eluded Carnevali. His poetry suffers most from the absence of rhythmic balance and general outline. As a poet, despite his genuine disdain of preciosity and all penny wisdom and Pound folly, he remained too neurotically aware of his own fancied insufficiency and the exclusivity of the standard set by the Exquisite movement, at its crest in 1920, to entrust his best to verse.

* * *

Prose found him less self-conscious, and lured from him tenderness and human feeling rich beyond his age. Through it, freely, with a simplicity almost childlike, he uttered his warmth and pain; in critical pieces crying his robust contempt for the literary orientation that shows no love nor ecstasy nor drunkenness; ruddy hate of the indecisive and pettily calculated and cold in the poetry and criticism of the new men. The three tales which begin "A Hurried Man" are actually written; they are literature. Here Carnevali is at the center of his pathetic subject-matter, casting forth words and cries, rhythms and phrases, pregnant as those of folk caught in sudden crises. The old human pain which he felt in women, weighing upon him and the world through them, comes like a sad and solemn laying-on of hands through the alternating prose and poetry of the first story. In a second, the tale of the lame grey dove, he gives very subtly, in half-pointed, unsentimental phrases, the feeling of the lover who knows his own love inadequate. The third, "Home, Sweet Home," is Carnevali's most elaborately developed, daring, and rewarding piece.

There has been no clearer expression of sorrow in American prose. Compared with this passionate kind of writing, the sorrow which permeates so much in classical American literature is seen to be no sorrow at all, and kin to another state: an absence of emotion, a sort of down-feeling; in Hawthorne "fatalism, hopelessness, moral indolence;" in Poe weariness from not having lived and morbid voluptuousness. Poor Carnevali's feeling was born of openness, positiveness, warmth, and acts as a resolution and gives a broken day proportion. Perhaps it is an insolence to compare, in any respect, something as groping and incomplete as "A Hurried Man" with a prose as delicate and finished and bodied as Hawthorne's, or with verse as absolute and Chopinesque as that of Poe. If it is, then all comparison of the American moderns with the American classics is an insolence, so essentially does Carnevali's literary value correspond with the value of the best work of to-day. For the reality of that, our faiths are vouchers. Small in asthetic perfection and intellectual structure as that of the forerunners was large, the work of the moderns nevertheless has warmth, abundance, direct contact at the heart of it. The archway to growth lies opened in it. Perhaps Carnevali's contributions are only rude mixtures of friable mortar and small building-stones. Yet through them feeling, the current of life, proceeds.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The Bowling Green

I Say to Myself

I KNOW a man who wants to own an island. Sometimes, when we lunch together, he blurts out rather incoherently some of his notions about it; he even dreams of an archipelago, a cluster of islets to be settled by a few congenial families, one islander to be a doctor; and I can see the vision clearly, with our topsail schooner anchored in a handy cove.

Then, falling back into the various timidities of my kind, I say to myself in the subway, Aren't we all islands already?

* * *

It is a familiar theory in the world of books that a publisher should issue a few little volumes of good verse now and then, even expecting to lose money on them, because it is healthy for the tone of his business, because it wins him the gratitude of authors and often leads to more profitable dealings.

And in the same way, I say to myself, a man of imagination must entertain in his skull many random ideas and wild notions that probably cannot be transacted; dreams that are violent and strange and not for wide circulation; all these are essential for the medicine of his mind.

* * *

And still letters come, sometimes of distress and reproach, and many very friendly and charming that happily reward the heart, saying "What do you mean?" This appears to me an oddity. I cannot quite grasp the notion of writing to an author to ask him what he "meant" by his book or any special passage thereof. It would appear to me that an author, having certainly considered his work more carefully than anyone else, might be supposed to have set down in it as much of his intentions as he intended to be stated and was averse from further argument. Moreover, for myself I should take with great caution any author's explanation of his design, for it might be quite different from what I had decided the thing meant to me; which is the only meaning I need.

* * *

It has struck me as interesting that in casual conversations lately I have noticed the name of Fielding coming up surprisingly often. Perhaps this is due to the instinct of the reading public; a kind of subtle realization that a modern Fielding is one of the things we greatly need. We need someone to play Fielding to the innumerable inversions of Richardson that are current. And that book, when it comes, will be written, in its own mode, of course, but comparable to the manly simplicity of "Tom Jones" where every gaiety and subtlety of observation is carried on a strong pour of narrative; where the reader, unmercifully chaffed, imagines the ironic fun directed at everyone but himself and so has ease to perceive the great heart behind. Such work will come; it will come because it must, because a million readers hanker for it without knowing what they need. It will be written as plainly as if it were a translation from some other tongue; none of its merits will be dependent on mere verbal skill or prettyness. It will come when there is a writer who can see the egregious humors of our American life not angrily, nor brutally, nor sentimentally, nor as a stunt or skit; a writer who, as Fielding once said, is "admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of Nature." And no other author, he added, ought to write anything besides dictionaries and spelling-books.

* * *

The trend towards that desirable coming is visible, I think, in the revival of interest in picaresque fiction. One publisher has announced a whole library of reprints of classic rogueries. It is my misfortune, I suppose, that I have so often found the classics in that sort rather dull. Even in Rabelais, if I must confess it, it is painful to wade through so much merciless foulness to come upon the lovely little interlude of the Abbey of Theleme. How different our Fielding; "Tom Jones," a book so clean that the young should never read it.

Dr. Canby is quoted as having said, in a lecture, that male characters in fiction nowadays are less lifelike than the female. Certainly at present the female of the novel is more deadly than the male; but I don't quite understand Dr. Canby's saying (as quoted in the press) that "to get real men in books one must go back to Dickens." How about May Sinclair?

But if Dr. Canby is right—and it would be quite like him to be right—perhaps it is because at the moment women are more interesting than men. They are passing through a thrilling phase; the authors of the Today and Tomorrow Series and the Ellis Island authorities are kept busy trying to catch up with them. Between the masculine extremes of the two Ellises—Island and Havelock—there are many tinctures of doctrine; but take her by and large, woman is showing more fermentation. She has more to conceal than man, and, in the present fashion, less desire to conceal it. One who is in the attic of a burning building does not hide the fact that the house is on fire. Women, even more than men, live in the attic of a burning building. It is probably more expensive, psychologically, to be a woman than to be a man. The cost of doing business, psychic business, is greater, because women have more biological overhead to carry. They operate, perhaps, under a heavier handicap of self-consciousness. Man's complaint, since Eden, has always been that woman is hard to live with; but surely this is fair; she finds her own self hard to live with; harder, I guess, than we do. All this, and the fact that she is beautiful, amusing, and desperately eager to think, is why the novelist finds her stimulating. The old saying about the woman who is "a traitor to her sex" has a valuable suggestion. You never heard of a man who was called a traitor to his sex. In other words, women were supposed to be guarding some appalling secret of campaign. And now, if the secret isn't in circulation, it's not because they haven't been shouting it at us.

Perhaps one fundamental basis of much fiction is suggested by an advertisement I sometimes see. It says that you can buy a female canary for $2.00, but a male costs $4.49. It is the novelist's business to find out why that is so; and specially the female novelist's business to find out whether it will always be so. And most of all it is all novelists' business to practice, now and then, what happened to Montaigne's magpie—"a deep study and dumpish retracting into herself." For it is there, if you retract far enough, that you'll find almost everyone else—men and women both.

* * *

The lesson that very little really new or different happens in literature was reinforced by a letter of Dickens's that I saw lately. It was written in December shortly before the first publication of the "Christmas Carol," and expressed great outrage and despair because the book had not been adequately advertised by the publisher. It might have been such a success, he laments, and exclaims "Would you believe it, it was not advertised in any magazine but *Blackwood*!"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Bores

(*Continued from page* 625)

civilization. We shall look back with pathetic longing to the good old days when golf, stocks, the weather, and politics, all expertly handled, were staples of talk.

Buy a book and become a bore. Condensed knowledge guaranteed to turn friends into enemies. A thousand useful facts carefully freed from wit and wisdom. Culture for the unculturable, or how five minutes a day will drive the wise man away. Be the heir to all the ages at $3.00 net.

A new volume of the Bollandists' "Actor Sanctorum" (Records of the Saints), is about to appear, covering the dates November 9 and 10. This great work was begun three centuries ago, the idea of a compendium of the lives of the saints having originated with a Flemish Jesuit priest, Father Rosweid, in the early part of the seventeenth century. After the death of Father Rosweid, his papers were handed over to Father John Bolland, of Holland, who began collecting and editing material. The successor editors from his time to the present day have been called Bollandists.

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Books of Special Interest

In the Middle Ages

LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL FRANCE. By JOAN EVANS. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $5.25.

LONDON LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. By CHARLES PENDRILL. New York: Adelphi Company. 1925. $5.

MEDIEVAL PEOPLE. By EILEEN POWER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by MARGARET M. SHERWOOD

HERE are three books about the Middle Ages. Three-quarters of a century ago Alexis de Tocqueville reminded the literary world that the Americans were not a new race but a very ancient race transplanted to a new soil. The truth of the statement is evident enough. We might have taken it to heart by this time, considering that our well-educated reading public reaches a very high percentage as compared with that of most other nations. But these three books come to us from England. It should be somewhat of a humiliation to us that we do not take an equal share with her in the production of books about our common racial inheritance.

From the literary point of view the best of these three books is that of Miss Joan Evans. It reads along in a very easy way, realizing a desirable combination of intelligence and good taste. For anyone who has not yet grasped the great charm and interest that the Middle Ages hold for modern people this book would be an excellent manual of initiation. Yet some wrong ideas might be gleaned from it, for the counterpart of the romantic virtue of synthesis is here in some over-evidence. The chapter on "Work and Religion" is an example of what is meant. Miss Evans says: "For the men of the Middle Ages work was not servitude, but a way of enfranchisement for the soul." The chapter deals with the building of the cathedrals. But the author would never think of maintaining that cathedral-building was the principal occupation of the men of the Middle Ages. Doubtless, when it took place, it was undertaken as "a way of enfranchisement for the soul;" but the sentence cited is hardly calculated to convince us that the men of the Middle Ages had, in general, any other reason for working than those same practical reasons we are so intimately acquainted with today. In the last analysis the synthetic treatment of history is a valid and self-supporting treatment. The only serious criticism of Miss Evans's book is that here and there it betrays tne vice of over-generalization.

❧ ❧ ❧

Mr. Pendrill's work, upon analysis, proves to be a most curious production. It is a compact and illuminating collection of facts well calculated to arouse curiosity, and even enthusiasm, about the Middle Ages. But, were it not for the modern device of chapter-headings, Mr. Pendrill's book would give the impression of a mediæval "Treasury" or of a seventeenth century collection of "Ana." Mr. Pendrill has no idea of synthesis. His style is of the most loose-jointed and angular. There is no doubt about the interest of the material he presents; and probably there can be none about his erudition. Had he given us a "Topical Dictionary of London Life in the Fourteenth Century," his presentation could more readily be pardoned on account of the great interest and variety of the subject-matter. As it is, he has tried to make a popular book and to that end he has omitted almost all exact reference to his sources. In these busy times it is much to be regretted that only a personal correspondence with Mr. Pendrill can take the place of what he might so readily have offered in a few pages of appendix. A great merit of Miss Joan Evans's book consists in the beauty and appropriateness of her photographic illustrations. Mr. Pendrill's choice of pictures has been most unhappy and would be misleading to the casual reader because very few of them date from the fourteenth century. Yet in spite of the defect which makes of Mr. Pendrill's production neither a work upon which a scholar could conscientiously base his conclusions nor a book which, in its manner of presentation, would consecutively hold the attention of the general reader, it must be said that there are but few students of the period who would not benefit by an examination of the intimate details of life in mediæval London recorded in these disjointed and undocumented pages.

Miss Eileen Power's little series of essays will appeal to the greatest number of readers. It is not a book; it is a collection of separate studies. They are sketches of the lives lived by men and women from the Ninth Century through the Fifteenth. We are introduced to Bodo, "a Frankish peasant in the time of Charlemagne;" we have another picture of Marco Polo; we are somewhat pleasantly disconcerted by Madame Eglentyne, who is very truly and vividly "Chaucer's Prioress in real life;" "the Ménagier's wife, a Paris housewife in the Fourteenth Century," opens her doors to us; finally, we are introduced to Thomas Betson and to Thomas Paycocke, a merchant and a manufacturer. All of these people really lived, except Madame Eglentyne. But all the pictures represent rather types than individuals; for, to round out her characters, the author has drawn not only upon accounts of the people themselves but also upon records of other contemporary men and women engaged in the same way of life. Miss Power is not stingy in her documentation. Notes are never dry to the reader who cares; and in this case especially they serve an excellent literary purpose, for they give an undisputed vitality to the long-dead folk to whom we are introduced. But it is a pity that these grown-up people have had to rely upon an interpreter so manifestly unaware of life; for many of Miss Power's observations seem to have been born within the walls of an institution for young ladies. Her aim—essentially that of the historical novelist—is indisputably worthwhile. It is only to be regretted that her knowledge of human nature is so inadequate a match for her acquaintance with the sources of history.

Crime and Its Costs

CRIMINOLOGY AND PENOLOGY. By JOHN LEWIS GILLEN. New York: The Century Co. 1926.

Reviewed by BURDETTE G. LEWIS
Former Commissioner of Correction

PROFESSOR GILLEN devotes 222 of his 873 pages to a consideration of what he calls "Criminology;" in which he discusses the nature, causes, and costs of crime. The second book he calls "Penology," and under this heading he considers the history of punishment, penal institutions, the treatment of the convicted prisoner, and the organization and functioning of the police, of the courts, and of the probation system. The last chapter calls for the dropping of outworn systems and for the adoption and development of scientific and common sense principles and methods.

The book has been written as a text book for students. For such a work there has been a great need for a long time. It is to be regretted that, admirable as the work is in many respects, it still falls short of the ideal text book for these subjects.

Perhaps that is partly due to the general confusion of tongues and to the prevailing ignorance of scientific achievements in the human welfare field. Had the author made a closer study of prevailing practices he would have given less space to the reports of prison and crime surveys which, splendid as some of them are, usually are not the work of persons of wide experience in the field. The so-called practical penologist would not go to these reports for reliable information covering all points.

The weakness of his method appears most clearly in the section of the book dealing with education, prison labor problems, discipline, medical treatment, and so-called self-government. Had the author relied less upon the reports of the New York State Prison Survey and the Book of Hobhouse and Brockway, the reader would not be led erroneously to conclude that these reports deal with the most advanced prisons and reformatories. As a matter of fact, New York State Prisons and most of the British Prisons are by no means in the vanguard of progress. The space given to the New York and Massachusetts Reformatories for Women to the exclusion of the Clinton, New Jersey, State Reformatory for the same sex, is another case in point. A serious mistake is made on page 693, where it is made to appear that certain recommendations of the New York Prison Survey are not based upon prevailing practices in the better administered prison and parole departments.

The bibliography at the end of each chapter is very helpful, but it could be made more so if it were more comprehensive and less voluminous. In particular too few references to legal treatises are included. The author's terminology and the liberal use of black face type for sub-heads of the subjects, are aids to the reader.

In the section dealing with the history of crime and punishment the author is more successful. Some of his analyses are admirable.

Professor Edward A. Ross, the editor of the series of which this volume is a part, outlines with his customary vigor the seriousness and the preventable nature of the present crime situation. Strangely enough he rejects most of the important environmental conditions as causes of crime and centers upon one: "Our manner of dealing with the ill-disposed element in society." This is indeed an unexpected attitude for one of the leaders of the environmental school of sociologists. Other environmental factors are not to be rejected so completely.

Perhaps at a later date Professor Gillen will give us a briefer and more factual text book which will more nearly fulfil his purpose and the more surely meet a very great need.

Some Minor Poets

ALONG THE WIND. By CHARD POWERS SMITH. Yale University Press. 1925.

FIREFLIES. By FRANCO LALLI. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

LOST HILLS. By ANNE RYAN. New York: The New Door (4 Christopher Street). 1925.

WINGED VICTORY. By LUELLA GLOSSER GEAR. New York: Harold Vinal (13 West 54th Street). 1925.

ROSAMOND AND SIMONETTA. By GLADYS BRACE. The Same.

QUEST AND ACCEPTANCE. By ETHEL ARNOLD TILDEN. The Same.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By KENDALL BANNING. New York: The Marchbanks Press (114 East 13th Street). 1926.

LO STUDENTE. By SAMUEL WALTER KELLEY. Cleveland, O.: C. Hauser (1903 Woodland Avenue). 1925.

SAILS ON THE HORIZON. By CHARLES J. QUIRK. Boston: The Stratford Company (234-240 Boylston Street). 1926.

FIFTY POEMS BY AMERICAN POETS. An Annual edited by JOSEPH DEAN. New York: The Academy Press. 1925. $1.50.

POEMS OF LIFE. By STOKELY S. FISHER. Kansas City: Wilda Smith Fisher (1615 North 7th Street, Kansas City). 1925.

IN the case of every new or small publisher of the above, or of any private publisher, we have noted the full address, for the benefit of any reader who may wish to obtain one of these volumes. Mr. Harold Vinal, a poet himself and a comparatively new publisher, has brought out three of the books in this group. The Yale Press publishes Mr. Smith, and E. P. Dutton & Co. are responsible for the translations of the poems of Franco Lalli. The other books are produced by small firms.

Mr. Chard Powers Smith's poems are an intimate record of loss. There are twenty-five sonnets and some miscellaneous poems, all striking the same note. Occasionally there are distinguished lines. The verse is dignified and sometimes poignant. It is distinctly not great verse, but Mr. Smith's moulding of the sonnet is often smooth and accomplished.

Giulietta Talamini's translations of the brief epigrammatic poems of Franco Lalli are satisfactory. The poems themselves strike us as slight and fragmentary. Charm is present, and mild philosophy. Anne Ryan's verse is often marred by awkward, even ungrammatical lines. "Underlaid with hint of unrelinquishable cry," "You would not like my every-featured mood!" "Such paisleyed days as mine are fit alone for fleet and single hurrying,"—such lines as these express the author's meaning very badly. On the other hand, though her technique is anything but accomplished, a human sympathy glows through certain poems, which intermittently causes us to forgive poor craftsmanship. This is the case in her poem "From a Spinster," and in the title poem. She looks a little deeper into life than the average minor poet and seems to have slightly more knowledge of human psychology.

"Winged Victory," by Luella Gear, is minor verse with a very occasional gleam of distinction. Gladys Brace's "Rosamond" is one of the worst historical dramatic poems we have read for some time, and her use of italics a mystery and a wonder. Her "Simonetta" is better, but not vastly. In Ethel Tilden's "Quest and Acceptance" she can actually remark:

The Spring has come!
The sky is blue.
Little white clouds kiss the tops of the hills.
Birds sing before mating.
The apple orchards are pink with promise.
Lovers tremble with yearning.

This is not to be limpid, but to be appallingly trite! Her "Sophistry," on the other hand, is journalistic verse, but—in spite of certain baldly prosy lines—has a *soupçon* of originality.

After these ladies, Kendall Banning. He is, at his best, Kipling very well watered. At his worst he writes of Pierrot and "The Wander Lure." His technique is that of the magazine verse of the nineties.

"Lo Studente," a 225-page poem, is almost impossible to read. Yet Mr. Kelley has a greater command of rhythm and language than most of the poets reviewed above, and a certain scholarship, and a certain dramatic instinct. He is old-fashioned and derivative, but he is not slipshod. At his worst he is only extremely tedious.

The poems of Charles J. Quirk are all devotional and most of them both trite and slight. Why the fifty completely undistinguished "Poems by American Poets" were collected is a mystery. And Stokely S. Fisher's "Poems of Life," which have appeared in the past in many newspapers and magazines, are journalistic verse of an ancient vintage.

Wilfrid Gibson's Poems

I HEARD A SAILOR. By WILFRID GIBSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

MR. GIBSON'S new poems—there are about one hundred and twenty in all—are very unsatisfactory. In nearly every respect they fall short of his old poetic level. The strains are forced, the notes are few. Even at his best Mr. Gibson was never a particularly original poet. But readers of his earlier work will recall that he knew how to give the verse a turn of his own. Such poems as "The Hare," "Hoops," and many of his sonnets published during the war had an apparent spontaneity which would not be so easily found in the new book. Nevertheless, allowing for the frequent places where Mr. Gibson is no better than stilted and commonplace, much virtue remains. The new poems are all of the briefest character; the longest scarcely does more than turn a page. What at first reading might be taken for the influence of A. E. Housman later appears to be that of the old ballads. Mr. Gibson has made a brave attempt to poetize without refining the people among whom he lives. He fails, on the whole, insofar as he particularizes incident and character. Housman's Shropshire is any and every shire; it is Imperial Rome as well as New England. But Mr. Gibson's country, like his people, is particular. In one striking little piece, for instance, he describes a group of Northumbrian pitmen waiting in the rain for the public house to open. They see a snow-white whippet, "like a little slip of moonshine" come suddenly into the circle of light before the door.

Speechless they gazed upon her as she stood
with lifted paw,
Clean-limbed, with quivering muzzle and
jetty eyes agleam,
Nor heard the doors swing open wide as
each lad looked with awe
One moment on the vision of his own
heart's secret dream.

This is actually very good. But the significant beauty of the poems will not be sufficiently apparent to anybody save that rare reader who knows something of the Tyneside miner's love, sometimes passing passion, for the whippet breed of which the phantasmal dog is the idealization. A footnote would be required to make the poem do its full work. Elsewhere, in a less degree, the same kind of particularization inevitably creates obscurities. If this were the worst of the author's shortcomings the new book would do nothing to detract from his reputation as a poet. But the lack of diversity, the monotony and woodenness of so much of the verse is a more serious fault. More regrettable still is the way in which Mr. Gibson, straining every nerve to create dramatic effect, forces his lyric talent into a mould for which it appears never to have been intended. It would be idle to pretend that "I Heard a Sailor" is not much superior to the bulk of contemporary verse. But it is not good enough to reach us under the name of Mr. Gibson.

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Books of Special Interest

Regarding Instincts

INSTINCT. By L. L. BERNARD. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.60.

Reviewed by CHARLES C. JOSEY

IT is ordinarily thought that organisms are purposive and that their behavior can best be understood in terms of purposes, desires, tendencies, etc. If the purposes or tendencies are regarded as innate, and many of them are so regarded, they are spoken of as instinctive. It is also generally held that instincts, as above conceived, must have a structural basis. Hence instincts are usually defined both teleologically and structurally. It may be added that while instincts are defined structurally, the structural definition plays a minor part in our attempt to understand the motivators of human behavior. In order to understand these we make use of instincts teleologically defined.

The general practice of defining instincts both structurally and teleologically is the source of great confusion in our thinking regarding instincts, insists Professor Bernard. And though, as pointed out above, it is the teleological conception that is found most useful, Professor Bernard urges that this conception of instinct be abandoned in favor of a purely structural conception. If this is done, he promises, it will greatly clarify our thinking regarding instincts. Moreover, instincts must be so defined, since it is commonly held that instincts are inherited, and only structure can be inherited. That the structure which we inherit may possess innate tendencies to act, Professor Bernard denies. The structure which we inherit seems, according to Professor Bernard, to be a mechanical rather than a purposive one. That instincts must be defined in terms of structure is the fundamental thesis of the book.

The second great thesis of the book is that the so-called instincts such as pugnacity, maternal care, play, sex, etc., are not true instincts but habit complexes. The arguments to establish this thesis rest to a great extent on the assumption that there must be a specific nervous basis for each instinct. They are: (1) Pugnacity, play, and other so-called instincts use a great number of nervous structures. It is impossible for one who accepts the chromosome theory of heredity to believe that such a complex can be inherited. Hence pugnacity, play, and many other so-called instincts are not instincts but habit complexes. (2) Play and pugnacity may use the same structure. But the same structure cannot be the basis of more than one instinct. Hence play and pugnacity are not instincts. (3) Play, pugnacity, maternal care, and other so-called instincts are modified by experience. But instincts are inherited structural organizations. Therefore, play and the others are not true instincts. (4) True instincts do not involve purposive striving, for they are inherited unit structures, and such structures have no end. Moreover true instincts operate unconsciously. This is shown by pointing to instinctive behavior in the lower animals. But most of the so-called instincts involve purposive striving and consciousness. Therefore they are not instincts but habit complexes.

* * *

Professor Bernard criticizes atomistic psychology very justly. Yet he does not seem to have abandoned it. Most of his arguments against instincts as commonly conceived are based on it. If he were to think of the organism functioning as a whole, and of the desires and interests of the organisms as the desires and interests of the organism as a whole rather than of some particular nervous structure, his arguments would lose their force. One who thinks of the organism functioning as a whole sees no difficulty in the fact that when the organism plays it may use many of the structures it uses when it fights. This is expected.

Professor Bernard attempts to show that instincts must be defined in terms of structure. In reality, however, he points out so many difficulties of defining instincts in that way, that he shows that they cannot be so defined. He argues that since pugnacity uses a great number of nervous structures, pugnacity is not an instinct. The argument works the other way. Since pugnacity uses a great number of nervous structures it cannot be defined in terms of structure. And so with the fact that two instincts frequently use the same structures. Since different instincts use the same structure, instincts cannot be defined in terms of structure.

The book is undoubtedly one of the most serious attempts that have been made to deal with the difficult subject of instinct. It is a valuable contribution to the subject. It most admirably disposes of a great multitude of misuses of instinct. Its criticism of the "biological fallacy" is very good, though unfortunately the author falls into it when he holds that instincts must be unconscious because the most perfect forms of instinctive activity are found in the lower organisms.

A Noble Personality

MURRAY CRANE: A MAN AND A BROTHER. By SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN. With a foreword by President Coolidge. Boston: Little, Brown. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WMURRAY CRANE was a rare example of the business man in politics; not an ambitious, aggressive, managing business man of the type of Hanna, nor a purchaser of political honors, but a modest, unselfish, public-spirited gentleman who was drafted for office by his discerning fellow-citizens. It speaks well for Massachusetts that it insisted upon making this paper manufacturer from the Berkshires first lieutenant-governor, then governor, and then senator. No other Bay State senator since Hoar, with the single exception of Lodge, has made so large an impression on the country: and his sympathy, his tact, his fairness, and liberalism did something to atone for the kind of impression that Lodge made. It was characteristic of him that he shortened his life by his brave fight for the League of Nations in the Republican convention of 1920, dying before the end of the campaign. President Coolidge has well said that he was "one of the best examples of American life on both its material and spiritual sides."

This brief volume of less than 200 pages is rather a personal tribute to a devoted friend—Mr. Griffin was long one of the directing heads of the Springfield *Republican*—and an attempt at portraying a personality, than a formal biography. It does give us the main facts of Mr. Crane's life. It relates how he increased his inherited fortune by paper-making at Dalton and by other enterprises; how he entered politics by becoming a national committeeman; how he served the Massachusetts troops well as lieutenant-governor during the Spanish war; how he advised Roosevelt in the settlement of the anthracite strike of 1902-3; how his quiet industry, his shrewdness, his genial honesty, made him a power at Washington. As Elihu Root said, he "was always a committee on the disposition of useless controversies, both in the Senate and in his party." It was he more than anyone else who arranged the nomination of Hughes in 1916, and he had much to do with Harding's nomination four years later. But Mr. Griffin has been intent chiefly upon giving the reader an impression of a remarkable nature, and one difficult to describe.

Crane almost never made a speech, he avoided all public receptions and honors that he could side-step, and he never let his left hand know the multitudinous acts of charity which his right was performing. He promoted every good cause which came to his attention. From the thankless task of helping restore the shattered New Haven road to the secret purchase of a milk-cow for some poor widow of his county, he was always altruistically engaged. With the humble and with the great, he diffused about him an atmosphere of friendliness. His quiet influence was exerted for the public welfare in many ways which escaped notice; for example, he advised many corporations against improper or doubtful enterprises, and his warnings for years carried great weight with many large business interests of the East. He had limitations rather than faults. No one ever considered him a man of the highest ability, and he was always a worker on the inside rather than the outside. But Chief Justice Taft was uttering no mere empty phrase when, standing by Crane's grave in 1920, he declared that he was "one of nature's noblemen." Mr. Griffin's work is an adequate, though not a vivid, presentation of a man who deserve to be remembered.

A "Who's Who" of contemporary Czech authors has been issued under the title "Cêstí Spisovatelé Dnêsní Doby" (Prague: Lidová Tribuna). The book, compiled by F. S. Frabsa, contains biographical and bibliographical data and photographs, information which has in the main been contributed by those whose names are included in it.

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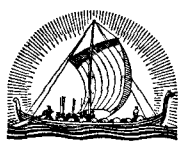

THE VIKING PRESS

30 IRVING PLACE

NEW YORK

A London Letter

By RODERICK RANDOM

GENERALLY the obituary notices in the London press on W. L. George (who died on January 30) have been rather reproachful. It is true that some of them mentioned that he displayed to the last great pluck in the face of a peculiarly unpleasant and obvious doom. But, for the most part, they have stressed such facts as that he failed to fulfil his early promise as a novelist, that he drew some excellent portraits but they were portraits of cads, that during the railway strike of 1919 he advocated soviets for his country and yet in 1924 put out a book on how to invest one's savings and became a director in a London publishing firm.

These things, no doubt, are true, but it seems to me that to state them alone is inadequate. What one wants to know is how they came about. How was it that George, as has been said lately, was clever and witty, but lacked all sense of humor, had a conscience about work but apparently no taste? The explanation, I believe, lies where the psycho-analysts would look for it, in his own early history. It was not so much that he was half a Jew, but that he was English only by descent. He was born in Paris and brought up there as a Frenchman so that, at nineteen, he could scarcely formulate a spoken phrase in English. Moreover, to say merely, "as a Frenchman," is not enough. His upbringing was that of a child of the French lower bourgeoisie, a class closely allied to the French peasantry in their earnestness, their absence of humor, their grim intentness on money-making, their relentless logic. And for years after he came to England at twenty-three he was very poor. The influence of poverty on character, especially on the character of one who later becomes prosperous, has not been fully studied, but the precedent of Dean Swift may be mentioned.

Furthermore, George lacked completely that English, or Anglo-Saxon, intuition, whereby those who possess it can sense before committing certain actions how the world will regard them. As a result, using only his French logic, he was repeatedly being mystified by the reception with which his behavior met. There was, for example, that incident after the death of his second wife during his first lecture tour of America. An American woman of recent friendship wrote and asked him if she could do anything for him in his bereavement. He replied: Yes, would she sell his dead wife's clothes, and would she be sure to get a good price. She was offended. But he could not see why. In the French lower bourgeoisie, wherever every cent is considered before it is spent, to sell one's dead wife's clothes is a perfectly normal and proper course. His own mother would have done such a thing. He was not then himself particularly affluent, and the money would be useful.

To increase his mystification there was the fact that the dead woman herself would probably have sold *his* clothes if he had died! She had sold some of them while he lived, for the saying about birds of a feather applied to the pair, and how could he know she was not a typical Anglo-Saxon woman?

One finds him misled in similar fashion by French logic into other errors. During the War he aroused a whole club against him by taking there to luncheon a pacifist leader. No doubt he had argued to himself that in the midst of the Dreyfus affair Zola had risked great unpopularity and finally been vindicated. When he published "A Bed of Roses," the libraries banned it, and the only result was increased sales. Wouldn't this daring also redound to his credit in the same way?

He was particularly weak in foresight. When in 1919 he advocated soviets for England, he imagined it possible that soviets were in sight. But his motives were mixed. His sympathies were radical, but he wanted to become, if a radical at all, a radical leader. The radicals in England themselves quickly realized that he was not their type. In their press they did not treat his writings with that respect which a future radical leader deserved. He found himself falling between two stools, consigned to the ranks by the radicals and at the same time threatened with, for instance, exclusion from America as a radical. The prospect frightened him back to conformity with the upper middle-class into which he had climbed.

Again, he expected to conciliate the late Lord Northcliffe with his novel "Caliban." It was intended to flatter that newspaper owner. George could not understand why the Northcliffe newspapers refused to notice it. The fact was that in making his hero resemble Lord Northcliffe, he came to suggest that the unfortunate conjugal affairs of that hero were also Northcliffe's. This was an error in taste which it was beyond him to appreciate.

Thus piled up his mistakes of tact and intuition, and, as he felt himself thwarted by failure, bitterness of a kind overcame him.

The real tragedy of his career was the publication of "The Triumph of Gallio." He found it hailed in England as a good study of a cad. Alas, for the incomprehension, the callousness of reviewers! He had tried to describe his own disillusion and stoicism. He had hoped the book would be hailed as his best work!

But the truth is that he *was* a stoic in his way. In the face of that disaster and with paralysis creeping over him, he kept to his task. First his right hand went out of action, then his left, then his arms. Step by step the failure of nervous control spread over his whole body, but until almost the last his brain retained its lucidity, and with a courage that deserves recognition he fought the advance of death by going on working with that industry he had always practised. In addition to "Gifts of Sheba," which has just been published, he left behind him another novel. Surely there never has been a book produced under similar conditions! Milton dictated "Paradise Regained" when he was blind, but while George could see, he could neither hold a pen nor speak intelligibly. By this time only his wife and the secretary who, after a special training, took down the story could understand what the still clear brain failed to make the vocal chords articulate properly. Such fortitude redeems many shortcomings.

Among the books just published in London is Mrs. Garnett's translation of the letters which Chekov wrote to Olga Knipper. While Ibsen this winter has been revived in New York so plentifully, London has at last been giving the works of Chekov their chance. Almost a year ago came the first production of "The Cherry Orchard" at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It was so successful that it had to be brought into the centre of the town. This winter, thanks to the presence in London of M. Kommisarjevsky, there have been three further Chekov plays put on: "Ivanov" and "Uncle Vanya" and "The Three Sisters." All three have been superbly mounted and performed. New York has advantages over London in this matter of production, better support and greater resources. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before there is another Chekov season there.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, perhaps England's best young novelist, has been visiting the East, as his recent journalism testifies. But journalism is only a part of his literary activity. There will shortly be published in London a further collection of his short stories. The collection is entitled, "Two or Three Graces," and one story is as long as a short novel.

A new book by Mr. Wyndham Lewis is being got ready. It is a social and political essay entitled, "The Art of Being Ruled." This Mr. Wynham Lewis should not be confused with Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, the humorist. He is the English Vorticist, and a friend of the Sitwells and other members of the literary vanguard. His earlier book, published some years ago, was called: "Architects: Where Is Your Vortex?" This new one promises to be more conventional; on that account, it may well prove more valuable.

Under the title "Vom Chaos zur Gestaltung" Hermann Kesser has collected various essays and addresses published by him during the war years and since. They deal with Germany's progress from the demoralization of militarism to its revolutionary efforts, and touch not only on political and international matters but on matters literary and cultural. The book is published by the Frankfurter Societats-Druckerei.

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Points of View

Mr. Laing Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Letters from Messrs. Schiller and Rollins in your issue of Feb. 20 appear to take the wind out of my sails rather completely; so I ask your permission to explain how my criticism of Hobo type came into existence.

For several months I worked on a publication which used Hobo for every headline. I had continuous opportunity to study the infelicities of the face. If too much of a good thing cloys, too much of a bad thing can become positively distressing. In consequence I was alarmed when Hobo made its appearance in my favorite Review. I wrote to the editor and told him so. He wrote, asking for a detailed criticism of Hobo which, he stated, would be useful to him. I complied, having no idea that the letter would be published. It presented the reaction of a reader, not the dictum of a typographer.

My interest in type is that of a writer in the mechanics of the device which conveys a writer's words to his public, and that of the dilettante in any form of artistic expression. . . .

But let us consider the letters of Messrs. Schiller and Rollins.

The former writes: "—most printers found it (Hobo) so unusual . . . that they did not know whether they liked it or not. Perhaps this is the case with Mr. Laing." I thought that I had been explicit upon this point. Mr. Schiller's doubts might be dispelled were he to reread my original letter. If a paraphrase be allowed me, I don't know much about type, but I know what I don't like.

My list of substitutes causes both gentlemen some perturbation. They coöperate splendidly in missing the point. There is reasonable clarity in my statement about the faces mentioned, "They range from the distinctive to the ornate." It would have been puerile of me to catalogue all of the faces in common use. I summed up the best of the standard faces by the word "Goudy," and for the rest chose a number of faces in comparative disuse, which a printer seeking the distinctive could employ in preference to Hobo. Mr. Rollins, in his mental excursion to the land of his lost youth, proved my own point. The faces which he had difficulty in recalling do not appear in every issue of *Colliers.* That precisely is why I recommended them.

He wonders as well why I did not recommend "the famous under-dotted letters—so bizarre a variant of the time worn italics of our youth." Possibly because my own youth belongs, unwittingly, to another period which knows them not at all.

Mr. Rollins asks, "But does Mr. Laing mean that these types (Troy and Chaucer) are again available . . .?" In DeVinne's "The Practise of Typography," edition of 1916, appears a specimen page of the former, set to form, among others, the following words: "—This Troy type was the model of the type on this page, which is made in the United States by the American Type Founders Co. on many bodies from 6-point to 72-point."

Again Mr. Rollins—"And Borussian . . . what dim memories . . . At last I found it—on page 576 of the specimen book of 1896—its last appearance on any stage. It has a pseudo-Bolshevik look, however, and would never do for pronunciamentos of the department of State."

It is with something akin to sorrow that I quote again from "The Practise of Typography" (1916), page 306. "Teutonic and Borussian are freely accepted by American printers as useful display letters for *legal formularies* (my italics) . . . they are not more fantastic than many of the black letters of American origin."

The last sentence, you observe, is pertinent to the discussion.

Again for the benefit of Mr. Rollins (seconded by Mr. Schiller), my reference to "Goudy" naturally was to the Goudy Family presented as a group by the American Type Founders Company, those faces of which "Goudy" plus an explanatory word is the trade name: Goudy Handtooled, Goudy Bold, etc., all similar in line. Kennerley, for example, is not Goudy to the printer, although it was designed by a gentleman of that name.

Mr. Schiller states that I have not the "talent" to appreciate Hobo. Neither have I the "talent" to appreciate some of Mr. Seldes's lively arts. My "talents" are of a peculiar type, and cause me to prefer the cartoons of Leonardo and Raphael to those of McCay, to prefer Garamond and Garamont to Hobo. Pity me.

This, I know, leaves out the question of appropriate uses, and differing classes of people. Please remember that my objection to Hobo is directed against its use in advertising *books,* in a journal for a possible *intelligentsia.* I would recommend it heartily for advertising plumbers' supplies. It would be read then by the class having, perhaps, the "talent" referred to by Mr. Schiller.

While I enjoyed sincerely the humor of both letters, would not specific answers to, or refutations of, my eight or ten specific criticisms have filled the space more appropriately? Mr. Schiller makes a half answer to one. Mr. Rollins is even more reticent.

Incidentally, my criticism on descenders is substantiated by Mr. E. T. Gress, editor of *The American Printer,* who states (Page 131, Buckeye Book) . . . "Shortened descending strokes of letters tend toward illegibility . . . long descending strokes . . . are aids to legibility." Hobo has no descenders whatever.

Is it captious of me to point out that Mr. Rollins refers, at one point, to "the style with the flattened seraphs"? Decidedly interesting. Flattened seraphs are frequent upon frescoes, I am told. But what have they to do with typography? My idea of a seraph (derived, I own, from N. Webster) is: One of an order of celestial beings, conceived as fiery and purifying ministers of Jehovah.

In the face of such blasting criticism it is useless, I suppose, to explain that my reference to Bodoni Swash was one of those errors epigrammatically granted mankind. I intended, of course, Baskerville swash. I ask no-one to believe me. It is unnecessary, for the letters of my correspondents display similar evidences of hasty mailing before checking the facts. To Mr. Rollins his seraphs. To me my Bodoni Swash.

May I pause in closing to compliment Mr. Rollins upon his skilful use of Hootch Face? It seems as admirably suited as Hobo to the expression of a certain type of thought. I rejoice that he has made it so completely his own.

Well, everyone to his taste, as the old lady said under the historic circumstances. Doubtless there are many old ladies who would be happy to kiss the Hobo and forego the cow.

But I still know what I don't like. Does no one agree with me?

Pelham Manor, N. Y. A. K. LAING.

"Neglected Books"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Carl Brend's letter about "Neglected Books" ought to fire a long train. Won't some one send in every week just such eclectic suggestions? Mine would include Martha Bianchi's "Emily Dickinson's Life" as *the* biography of the decade,—Belloc's "Marie Antoinette,"—"Memoirs of the Marquise de Custine" (Doran, 1912); Ethel M. Kelley's "Wings" (Knopf), Forster's "Passage to India," and the priceless Eliza Fay's "Letters from India"—(Harcourt, Brace and Co.). None very new, none very old—all worth having. Not this everlasting "Ten Best Books" business—but just what one is reading and loving at the moment.

Enthusiastically,

New York. KATHLEEN NORRIS.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I wish to enlist the interest and assistance of your readers in a work upon which I am engaged, the biography of Kate Chase, that I am writing with the sanction of the daughters of that famous woman. "The Beautiful Kate Chase" was a celebrated belle in the society of Washington sixty and more years ago when her distinguished father became a member of the Lincoln Cabinet and later was appointed Chief Justice. That brilliant period in the noted woman's history is fairly well known. Particularly, I wish to glean material concerning Kate Chase's childhood and maidenhood For ten years she attended Miss Haines School for Girls, No. 10 Gramercy Park. Are there any still living who also were enrolled with Miss Haines, either at the time (1846-56) or subsequently? I should appreciate getting in touch with such persons—or indeed with anyone who could throw light upon the character of the school and the students attending there?

MARY PHILIPS.

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New York City.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

TWENTY-SEVEN DRAWINGS. By *William Blake.* McPherson: Smalley.

RAEBORN. By *R. Rimbault Dibdin.* Stokes. $1.50 net.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. By *Hugh Stokes.* Stokes. $1.50 net.

BLAKE. By *Ernest H. Short.* Stokes. $1.50 net.

Belles Lettres

SHAKESPEARE OF STRATFORD: A HANDBOOK FOR STUDENTS. By TUCKER BROOKE. Yale University Press. 1926.

This supplementary volume to the Yale Edition of Shakespeare's works is of much more than ordinary interest. Manuals of the life and work of Shakespeare have been numerous but they go quickly out of date, not so much because of the discovery of new fact, though that, of course, has happened, but because the critical and historical attitude usually proves to be too much a part of the passing moment. Professor Brooks's little book at first seems bare and factual. But one quickly realizes that he has desired to present the documentary evidence for Shakespeare's life in its simplest and most authoritative form, and that, throughout, his conception of his task has been to give that actual body of evidence upon which earlier writers have based their generalization. The outline of his book is significant: The Biographical Facts, listed by items, with notes explanatory; Spurious Documents; The Chief Contemporary Allusions to Shakespeare's Play; The Printing of Shakespeare's Work; Chronological Order; Shakespeare's Metrical Development; Shakespeare's Theatres; The Personality of Shakespeare.

With the last section Professor Brooke throws aside his statistical method and writes one of the best critical essays upon Shakespeare of our time. Its purpose is to clear away the rubbish about the spokesman of his age, and show the man for what he really was, a great genius, intensely interested in the eternal human, very little in contemporary ideas and policies; as an Elizabethan, a conservative provincial, self-educated, whose politics and religion were still feudal; in no sense an "intellectual," or an exponent of advanced thought, but wise beyond his fellow men, and representative not of the Renaissance nor of England so much as of the imagination of man brilliantly functioning upon the eternal problem of humanity. This remarkable chapter deserves and will have a strong influence upon the college teaching of Shakespeare.

THE MEADOWS. By *John C. Van Dyke.* Scribners. $2.

CLASSICAL STUDIES. By *J. W. Mackail.* Macmillan.

THE CRIERS OF THE SHOPS. By *Sherlock Bronson Gass.* Marshall Jones. $2.50 net.

STUDIES OF ENGLISH POETS. By *J. W. Mackail.* Longmans. $3.75.

CATULLUS IN ENGLISH POETRY. By *Eleanor Shipley Duckett.* Smith College Press.

Biography

COTTON MATHER. By *Barrett Wendell.* Harvard University Press. $4.

ALLENBY OF ARMAGEDDON. By *Raymond Savage.* Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CAPITALIST. By *Ernest J. P. Benn.* Scribners. $5.

THE MIND OF THE PRESIDENT. By *C. Bascom Slemp.* Doubleday, Page. $3 net.

A HUGUENOT FAMILY. By *Philippe de Mornay.* Translated by *Lucy Crump.* Dutton. $5.

THE LIFE OF RACINE. By *Mary Duclaux.* Harpers. $4.

SETH POMEROY. Edited by *Henry Goodwin Smith.* Northampton, Mass.: Forbes Library. $1.50.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL AND HIS WORK. By *Agnes Rusk Burr.* Winston. $1.50.

THE LOG OF A SHELLBACK. By *H. F. Farmer.* Stokes.

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Second Series. Edited by *George Earle Buckle.* Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $15.

Drama

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN. By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

"The Butter and Egg Man" has been one of the outstanding successes of the current New York theatrical season, and deservedly so, for a more human and humorous comedy of theatre folk and the happenings that gather round a play production, has not been seen in these parts since "Rollo's Wild Oat" of joyful memory. Even without the illusion of the stage and actors, the play loses little of its infectious merriment and reality, and the dialogue is filled with amusing quips and clever turns of phrase.

As to plot, it is all about the adventures of an ingenuous youth who comes straight from hotel-clerking in Chillicothe, Ohio, to enter the somewhat baffling profession of Broadway Theatrical Producer. With much gay satire and many surprises in the way of comedy complications, the play shows this trustful young hero falling into the clutches of a pair of hard-boiled, managerial sharks with an apparent failure on their hands. It is not difficult for them to persuade him to invest his funds and so become their "Butter and Egg Man,"—in other words the unsuspecting country backer of a reckless venture. But instead of being a failure, the melodrama prospers beyond the wildest hopes (it is so bad that the New York public mistakes it for burlesque and so storms its doors!) and "The Butter and Egg Man," after reselling his interests to the original owners at a huge profit and just in time to escape an impending law-suit for plagiarism, retires with his spoils, and incidentally with the girl who has helped him throughout the struggle, to the less exciting duties of hotel-keeping in Ohio.

For a reader familiar with Broadway types, the play abounds in what the rhetoric books used to call "the pleasure of recognition," while for those unfamiliar with its people and curious "lingo," the characters and situations are human enough to carry of themselves. No more thoroughly enjoyable character than the retired Lady-Juggler, with her sour and sardonic views on life, have we come across in much playgoing, and Oscar, the small-town hotel clerk, with his suppressed stage aspirations is another memorable figure in a joyous collection.

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS. By *J. M. Barrie.* Scribners. $1.60.

PLAYS. Sixth Series. By *John Galsworthy.* Scribners. $2.50.

THE EUMENIDES OF ÆSCHYLUS. Translated by *Gilbert Murray.* Oxford University Press. 60 cents.

THREE PLAYS. By *David Garrick.* William Edwin Rudge.

Education

THE PRACTICE OF TEACHING IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOL. By *Henry C. Morrison.* University of Chicago Press. $4.

UNIVERSITY REFORM IN LONDON. By *Thomas Lloyd Humberstone.* London: Allen & Unwin.

Fiction

THE HOUSE. By GRACE KELLOGG GRIFFITH. Penn. 1926.

The author of this tale can, with exceptions, write a readable, terse prose, which often shows a trace of real irony. But her subject is threadbare. How many times has the ancient idea of the home versus the career been muddled over! Here you have the promising lawyer and the talented musician marrying before their time, the lawyer becoming a drudging school teacher, the musician a wife-drudge; and, to prove a prime sociological moral, there is the "comradely pair," who both work, and live the "modern" marriage of equality to eminent but pre-arranged success. One notable idea is advanced in the story in the advocation of a two-shift, four hour day for working mothers; the mother can work her four hours either morning or afternoon, thus contributing to the family welfare, and can care for the house and infants in the other four hours.

GLASS HOUSES. By ELEANOR GISYCKA. Minton, Balch. 1926.

This novel reveals a truly satirical reaction to the life it portrays; Countess Gisycka's picture of Washington society is pointed and entirely unsentimental. But it is a largely superficial portrait, more sophisticated than penetrating. The irregular twists of her tale show an unsentimental fashion of looking at life, but never an important capacity for understanding it. The merit in her treatment of a poor French nobleman choosing the girl he loves rather than an heiress lies in the fact that emphasis is laid on compulsions of temperament rather than on romantic sentiment; but the weakness of such treatment lies in the fact that the temperaments involved are not wholly comprehended or convincingly counterpoised. Love is present here in a very modern and disillusioned dress; but its subtler aspects are divined by the author rather than comprehended.

The background, of Washington with its gallery of actual and pseudonymous personages, comes close to the foreground on several occasions, and makes up a satiric and clever picture. But the exposition, if valid, is unimportant: the Countess has not the intensity and brilliance to be acrid; and though objective, she is not olympian enough to give it the sweeping denuciation of utter pettiness. Her attitude declines at length into the facile mischief of dull dinner parties and feline thrusts. The book, in both plot and background, fails to be more than intelligent. In view of its aims, that is not enough.

THE DANCER'S CAT. By C. A. NICHOLSON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $2.

One of those breathlessly English and Mayfarish novels, "The Dancer's Cat" clinks thrills upon a triangle which, we have been told, is occasionally used by popular writers. To wit: Lydie, a Russian dancer, Lady Glenforsa, an attractive mother, and her son and lover Euan who is torn, of course figuratively, between the devil and the deep sea. In all justice to our felines Lydie's cat should also be mentioned though just where she fits in the triangle is hard to decide.

"In the duel between these two women, equally noble yet poles apart, in this mortal

(*Continued on next page*)

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"An American epic, comparable in power and understanding to Jude The Obscure, or The Brothers Karamazov. It's Dreiser's greatest novel and an impressive achievement to be reckoned with in any history of American literature." *Atlantic Monthly.*

"One day Dreiser will be acknowledged one of the master artists of the world." Clarence Darrow—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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Trade Winds

IT seems to be agreed among my younger customers that the most amusing books of recent vintage are "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." Jocunda however says none of them can hold a candle to Mr. Beerbohm's "Seven Men," which she has just discovered. She votes for it as the most genuinely humorous book of her lifetime; but then she may have discovered another one by next week. Jocunda has had the good idea of posting a large sheet of paper on our bulletin board, on which customers are requested to put their suggestions of the books that they think ought to be considered for the Pulitzer prizes; there have been a number of interesting endorsements. I myself find the most amusing book to contemplate an old absurdity called "Custard Pye, Compiled by a Company of Tarts." (London, 1748.) Another queer volume is "The History of the Hansom Cab," which reminds me of old days in Central Park in the 90's, when we used to drive up to the Casino along toward dusk and order broiled trout-fish and a bottle of Montrachet. The last day of my holiday I spent in the country, a fiercely cold, windy March afternoon, and was amused to hear a rural postoffice in Dutchess County filled with the peeping of young chicks in cartons; they reminded me of the spring crop of novelists; and the buxom cheerful postmistress keeping them tenderly near the stove, as maternal as a publisher, until the R. F. D. man could take them away.

The only real judge of a bookseller's catalogue is another bookseller; and I want to utter a word of fraternal enthusiasm for Mr. Arthur Rogers, of Handysides Arcade, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. He has a notably sharp eye for the kind of thing that intelligent bookhunters want, his comments are shrewd and sound, and his prices a good deal below those of our trade in larger centers. I advise you to get your name on his mailing list; even in the case of American Firsts he prices lower than most of us here in New York. I can't resist mentioning some of the items in his latest catalogue, because they will give my readers something to think about.

Ernest Bramah, "The Wallet of Kai Lung," first edition (1900), £2 2s. (I think, by the way, that Mr. Rogers overrates Bramah as a writer of detective stories. "The Eyes of Max Carrados" never hit me very hard.) First edition of Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy," 25s. Conrad's "Nigger of the Narcissus," in its five original parts in *The New Review*, containing the famous preface, £5. First edition of Walter de la Mare's "Henry Brocken," £2. First edition of George Douglas's "The House with the Green Shutters" (1905), 25s. Mr. Rogers's comment on this is: "One of the few noteworthy novels produced by a modern Scottish Novelist, always excepting of course Barrie and Neil Munro." He should have added Frederick Niven. First edition of Norman Douglas's "They Went," 15s. First edition of "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" (1894), 15s. First edition of Dreiser's "Jenny Gerhardt" (1911), 23s. Louise Guiney's edition of Lionel Johnson's poems, 17s 6d. First edition of Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain" (that's the kind of literature I vote for!), 7s 6d. First edition of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," £8.

Seeing some early firsts of Ford Madox Hueffer listed makes me wonder why the recent success of "No More Parades" doesn't move a reissue of some of that ingenious writer's old books, e. g., "The Half Moon," and "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" (an enchanting title). The same applies to the greatly admired Neil Munro, one of my favorite romancers, but quite unknown to the present generation. One of the current authors whom Mr. Rogers lists very high is James Stephens; a first of "The Crock of Gold" goes way up, to £9 10s. Kipling's "They," first edition, at 15s, seems to me very reasonable. £10 for the first edition of Masters' "Spoon River Anthology," printed in U. S., but with London publisher's imprint on title page, is interesting evidence of the British esteem for that remarkable book. I have tried it on Jocunda, who takes it quite calmly; but what a stir it caused when it came out. I'm especially pleased to see Mr. Rogers giving a hand to the late H. H. Munro ("Saki"), who always gave me an O. Henryish sort of delight. Rogers says of him, "A brilliant writer whose works are now coming into prominence after a period of undeserved neglect." A loud cheer. Mr. Rogers lists a first edition of McFee's "Casuals of the Sea," a fine book that was unnoticed in England when it first appeared (1916), at £2 5s. A first edition of C. E. Montague's "Fiery Particles," with inscription by the author, £2 2s. Of L. H. Myers, author of "The Orissers" and "The Clio," Rogers says, "Hehas great talent and should be collected by everyone who values distinctive modern literature." And with joy I find the excellent Rogers listing several of E. Nesbit's divine juveniles. It makes me weary to think that no American publisher has ever had the sense to keep those books in proper circulation. Mr. William Rose Benét and a few other enthusiasts have uttered whoops for E. Nesbit from time to time, but publishers pay no heed. Mr. Rogers says of her "These delightful stories, probably as good as any of their kind in the English language, are genuinely scarce when offered as First Editions in good condition, for the best of all reasons—they are read and reread by all the fortunate children who can lay hands upon them.

It is the job of a good bookseller to do what critics and publishers are often too busy to do: to mull over the good things of the past, help revive books that are being forgotten and keep them alive. Catalogues such as Mr. Rogers's are of great value, for it is plain that he knows a good book when he reads it. Too much of the comment on first editions, etc., is intended only for very wealthy collectors and revolves around Miltons and Johnsons and Gutenberg bibles. Let me close this comment on my friend Mr. Rogers (I wish he'd write and tell me what sort of fellow he is, and how he got into this romantic, difficult, and quixotic book business) by quoting his remarks on Sterne. He lists a first edition of the Sentimental Journey at £22 and says, "Compared with him all other writers are stiff, clumsy, intolerant and absolutely boorish."

Let me quote one more little piece from Melville Cane's "January Garden," a little book of free verse that I find full of charms. It is called

Cows

Cows have such a serious look,
They must be thinking.
But I don't know—
I've seen
The same look
On men.

I have sold one copy of the book, and believe I can sell at least one more.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

combat between the exotic and the conventional, may be shadowed the clash of classes, the misunderstanding of race and nations." Without growing prophetic, one may agree with the blurb that "The Dancer's Cat" has its full share of class, clash, and misunderstanding.

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SPANISH BAYONET. By *Stephen Vincent Benét*. Doran. $2 net.
THE HAPPY GHOST. By *H. H. Bashford*. Harpers. $2.50.
FLIGHT TO THE HILLS. By *Charles Neville Buck*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN. By *F. Scott Fitzgerald*. Scribners. $2.
TEFTTALLOW. By *T. S. Stribling*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
THE BLIND GODDESS. By *Arthur Train*. Scribners. $2.
THE DOWER HOUSE MYSTERY. By *Patricia Wentworth*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.
WIELAND. By *Charles Brockden Brown*. Harcourt, Brace.

(*Continued on page 638*)

New Scribner Books

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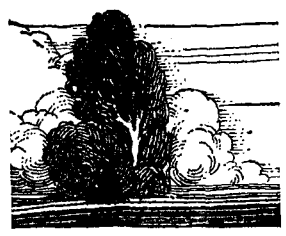

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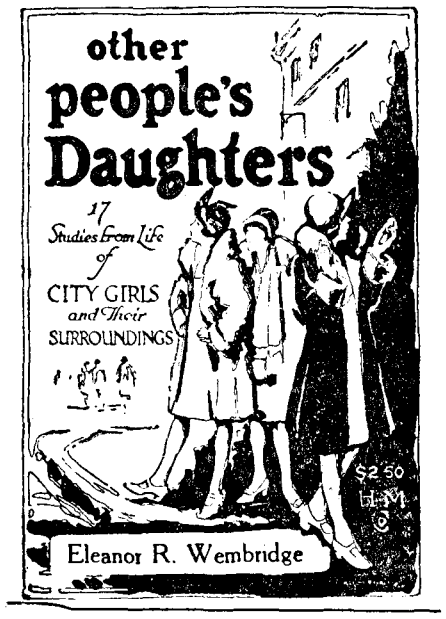

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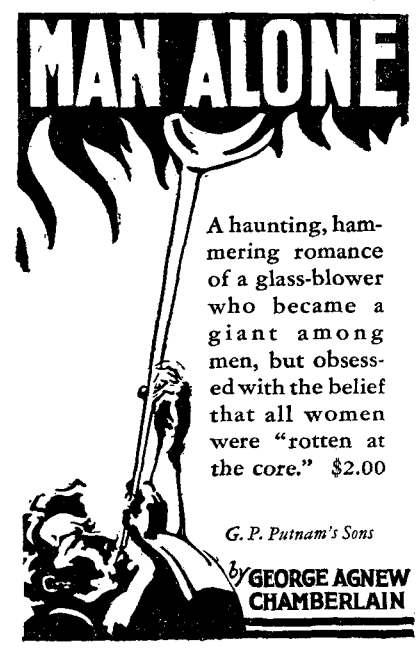

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GOOD BOOKS

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

SPANISH BAYONET. By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. (Doran).

HARVEST OF YOUTH. By EDWARD DAVISON. (Harpers).

OUR TIMES. By MARK SULLIVAN. (Scribners).

T. R. R., New York, is looking for unfamiliar anecdotes, not necessarily funny stories, that may be used as illustration in informal addresses.

"QUOTABLE ANECDOTES," collected by D. B. Knox (Dutton), is a collection lately published: the same editor not long ago collected a volume of "Children's Funny Sayings" (Dutton) that would come in handy. The best book about the unconscious poetry of the speech of imaginative children, though, is "The Sayings of the Children" (Stokes), by Pamela Grey (Viscountess Grey of Falloden). "Tell Me Another," by Lord Aberdeen (Arnold), is a book of reminiscences of the familiar British type; the anecdotes are many of them amusing and not yet familiar. "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years," by Joseph Bucklin Bishop (Scribner), is excellent material for illustration: some of the stories are sidelights on American life and character, illuminating as well as interesting.

A reading circle in Edgewood, Pa., that has much enjoyed "The Mind in the Making" and Hall's "Life and Letters of a Psychologist," asks for another book as important as these for its reading and discussion. It also asks for an inclusive one-volume history of the United States, for adults, and if there has been a recent "best" outline of literature.

"WHY We Behave Like Human Beings," by George A. Dorsey (Harper), seems to be indicated in this case. Science as it converges on man, the whole sweep of the subject as far as it can be truly popularized and put into 500 pages—they do not seem so many—in a staccato utterance, and when it comes to opinions and deductions, as dogmatic as a country doctor. The reader will find himself cheering with continual protests, and now and again a yelp when a sharp idea hits him. There is another book, just published, that reads even more rapidly and is full of human interest: "Microbe Hunters," by Paul de Kruif (Harcourt, Brace), the scientist who worked with Sinclair Lewis on "Arrowsmith." A series of biographical sketches involving epoch-making scientific discoveries, it is as discerning in its studies of temperament as it is accurate in its information on research. As for tragedy, thrills, suspense, and the like, just try it.

John Bassett Spencer's "Short History of the United States" (Macmillan) is generally considered the most complete one-volume history for the mature reader. The survey asked for is of course John Macy's "Story of the World's Literature" (Boni & Liveright), the best of the "outlines," readable and reliable.

M. C. B., Aurora, N. Y., having chosen for special study novels published within the past three or four years dealing with women and spare time, asks for a selection.

"WE know," says she, "that modern time and energy devices allow a woman to be a capable homemaker and also to have time and energy for other things. Will her husband or family or community put a ban on her spending her spare time in some occupation, both remunerative and useful, for which she may be much better fitted than for home-making? This problem is dealt with in Emanie Sachs's 'Talk' (Harper)."

Storm Jameson, a young novelist whose work will well bear watching, has met this problem if not squarely, certainly in its triangular aspect, in her new novel "Three Kingdoms" (Knopf). It nowhere begs the question, which is whether this woman can succeed at homemaking, motherhood, and a business career. The lady in W. L. George's last novel, "Gifts of Sheba," published just after his death by Putnam, marries first a man who hates to have her support herself, then one whom she hates to have to support, then one with whom she is as comfortable as it is in her to be, for, according to the author's gloomy opinion expressed by the third husband, "only a man who doesn't love her can make a modern woman happy." An American novel that met this question head on, a season or so ago, was "Labyrinth" (Macmillan), by Helen Hull, whose new novel, "The Surry Family" (Macmillan), has lately been attracting attention. The heroine of "Labyrinth" earned less money in business than was unaccountably made by the heroine of "This Freedom," and her husband never let her forget, if a child bumped his head between ten and five, that it had been bumped while she was at the office, but the crisis does not come until he has a chance to take a job in a distant city. "Bread," by Charles Norris (Dutton), was another eminently fair statement of the case, more detailed than most novels about working women; save for one outburst in which the heroine speaks for a few paragraphs with the voice of the author, the facts are for the most part left to speak for themselves. Sinclair Lewis's "The Job" (Harcourt, Brace) has been republished within the specified time: it is a reliable document. "Surplus," by Sylvia Stevenson (Appleton), is concerned with the friendship of two women, both workers, who keep house together until one marries; indirectly it bears on this subject, and for that matter so does Galsworthy's "The White Monkey" (Scribner), for most of the troubles of the unnecessary young woman who figures in it could be traced to having too much spare time. Perhaps Mildred Cram's "The Tide" (Knopf) would qualify: here is a girl who marries for money, runs away for love, and has to support herself when her lover dies: a person who tries to eat her cake and have it.

Dorothy Canfield's "The Home Maker" (Harcourt, Brace) hammers its purpose home with accurate whacks: it would be hard to find a story harder to controvert. I am told that even in a film version it carries conviction. Here is a happily married couple with children: the woman has power enough to run a business, so much that when it is applied to running a family the family doesn't run, it spins. The man is a born parent without business sense. Yet he has to become a cripple before fate and the community will coöperate to release the energies of his wife for their proper uses and relieve his children, who under his care have now a chance to be human beings. The book differs from the others on the list in that the centre of interest is the husband rather than the wife: the ruling power, however, is in the community.

G. V., Glenside, Pa., asks for books about the songs of Shakespeare and music inspired by Shakespeare.

"SHAKESPEAREAN Music in the Plays and Early Operas," by Sir Frederick Bridge (Dutton) is a recent publication; for a long time the only important book published in this country on this subject was Louis Elson's "Shakespeare in Music" (Page) which treated both music quoted in the plays and that composed for them. "Music on the Elizabethan Stage," by G. H. Cowling, is a publication of Cambridge University, imported by Macmillan. There was published by *The Studio*, London, in 1922, a volume by Christopher Nilson, "Shakespeare and Music," which includes a record of musical settings of Shakespeare's words, of music written for his plays, and of music inspired by his verse.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The foregoing extract from the constitution of the American Booksellers' Association, was adopted in May, 1900, twenty-six years ago. There was then but a handful of members; today, the "A. B. A." emblem is nationally known. The growth did not affect our purposes; our ideals remain unchanged. Our members are serious, farsighted and intelligent bookmen and women who realize that they have a commodity to sell which may easily be valuable or harmful to the purchaser. They must, therefore, be carefully trained and possess ability and understanding. Their advice and recommendations are based on common sense supported by judgment and knowledge.

Naturally, they do not read all of the books published, but it is needless to say that the amount of reading done by this group is enormous. The publishers furnish them much valuable information; they know the authors' previous work; know where to obtain further information—the "tools of the trade," our reference books, are many and bulky; and they depend on the mediums carrying authoritative opinions. The knowledge that the Saturday Review of Literature, for instance, operates under practically the same code of ethics as this Association; that its editors have the same high ideals and that they and their contributors are not only honest, but expert in their many, varied and oftentimes enormous fields, is of great value to them, because they feel that they depend upon such a periodical for much of their information.

It is obvious that a better acquaintance with the publisher, Saturday Review, and bookseller will benefit everyone. The publisher may be met in the advertising columns, and you are fortunate in being able to receive the Saturday Review in the mail. We cannot send you a member of the American Booksellers' Association in the same way, but you will surely find one in your city.

Ellis W. Meyers,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

N. B. C., Chanute, Kansas, asks for a list of books about Ralph Waldo Emerson, biographical or critical.

I WONDER if it just happens that I have heard half a dozen people quote Emerson in conversation lately, or is there a coming revival in the air? The student has a wide choice of memoirs and biographies: the "Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by J. E. Cabot (Houghton Mifflin), in two large volumes, the "Emerson" of Oliver Wendell Holmes in Houghton Mifflin's "American Men of Letters" series, and George E. Woodberry's "Emerson" (Macmillan) in a similar series, and the "Emerson" of O. W. Firkins (Houghton Mifflin). There is the famous essay "On Emerson" by Maeterlinck (Dodd, Mead) in a volume to which it gives the title, and one in George Santayana's "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" (Scribner), and in "Some Makers of American Literature," by W. L. Phelps (Marshall Jones), and in W. C. Brownell's "American Prose Masters" (Scribner). There are reminiscences in Annie Fields's "Authors and Friends" (Houghton Mifflin), and for the beginner or for that matter the reader of any kind, the volume "Ralph Waldo Emerson: How to Know Him," by Samuel McChord Crothers (Bobbs-Merrill) in an excellent series of which this is an outstanding number. For the reader of French there is a volume in which Régis Michaud has gathered a number of essays that have appeared in magazines over the past few years, presenting transcendentalism and the Sage of Concord and his friends to the Continental reading public under the title "Autour d'Emerson" (Bossard, Paris, 1924).

H. H., Oklahoma City, Okla., asks for books on Constantine the Great written from a scholarly and historic viewpoint, and the best books on Constantinople and the Near East.

BEGIN with "Constantine and his City," by H. M. Gwatkin, which opens the Cambridge Mediæval History, first volume (Macmillan). "Constantine the Great and Christianity:" three phases: historical, legendary, spurious," by Christopher B. Coleman, is published by Longmans, Green, for Columbia University; in the same group of publications is Maude A. Huttmann's "The Establishment of Christianity and the Proscription of Paganism," and Mr. Coleman has translated "Lorenzo Valla's Treatise on the Donation of Constantine," which is published, with the text, by the Yale University Press. "Constantine the Great," by J. B. Firth (Putnam), is a well-known popular biography.

William Stearns Davis's "Short History of the Near East" (MacMillan) begins with Constantine and is a lucid, interesting, and well-arranged account of a complicated subject to the present time. I read with it Ferdinand Schevill's "The Balkan Peninsula" (Harcourt, Brace) which came out at about the same time, and found it an admirable combination. The group of histories of the nations issued during the War by the Oxford University Press has several volumes of value in this connection, notably "The Balkans" and "Guardians of the Gate," and for recent developments there is "Modern Turkey" by E. G. Mears (Macmillan), and E. M. Earle's study of "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway" (Macmillan).

C. J. S., Ravenna, Nebraska, asks where he may get a copy of the poem composed by André on the eve of his execution.

"THE Life and Career of Major John André," by Winthrop Sargent (Wm. Abbott, 281 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., 1902), is now to be found only in historical collections, but even in this volume, which tells all that history records of him, the poem comes in only in an appendix and there under the strongest doubts. That he did write "Return, enraptured hours, when Delia's heart was mine," on Jan. 2, 1778, seems sure, but it is highly improbable that the broadside verses beginning

Ah Delia, see the fatal hour; farewell, my soul's delight!
But how can wretched Damon live, thus banished from thy sight?
To my fond heart no rival joy supplies the loss of thee;
But who can tell if thou, my dear, wilt e'er remember me?

were composed by him at all, though many sentimental sighs have been drawn by them. "André's Lament," the verses were called when they appeared in "The American Musical Miscellany," Northampton, 1798. Sargent's book gives the robust satirical poem by André, "The Cow Chace," and two addresses prepared by him for the Mischianza.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 636*)

THE CHIP AND THE BLOCK. By *E. M. Delafield.* Harpers. $2.

NOAH'S ARK. By *Amabel Williams-Ellis.* Doran. $2 net.

WHITE FIRE. By *Louis Joseph Vance.*. Dutton. $2.

OCHILTREE WALLS. By *W. Irvine Cummings.* McBride. $2 net.

TOPPER. By *Thorne Smith.* McBride. $2 net.

THE PERMANENT ECLIPSE. By *Michael Maurice.* Frank-Maurice, Esq. $2.

THE FIRE OF SPRING. By *Edward Noble.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

PINE CREEK RANCH. By *Harold Bindlos.* Stokes. $2.

GLITTER. By *Katharine Brush.* Minton, Balch. $2.

UPROOTED. By *Brand Whitlock.* Appleton. $2.

History

HISTORY OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By *Frank W. Blackmar.* Scribners. $3.

PROGRESS OF THE PAST. By *George Frederick Wates.* Oxford University Press. $1.75 net.

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. III. The Assyrian Empire. Edited by *J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock.* Macmillan. $9.

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY. Vols. I and II. Dodd, Mead.

Miscellaneous

HISTORIC COSTUME: A CHRONICLE OF FASHION IN WESTERN EUROPE. 1490-1790. By FRANCIS M. KELLY and RANDOLPH SCHWABE. Scribners. 1925. $7.50.

To any person who has occasion to select or design a costume of a particular period there is nothing more annoying than the information, or rather lack of information, contained in the average book on historic dress. The elaborate French and German books of a generation ago are to be found only in the larger libraries, and even the elaborateness of these books has not saved them from getting out of date. The designs in more recent books are sometimes influenced by the fashions of the day, a fact that of course destroys any value such books might otherwise have. Finally, many writers on costume either try to cover too much ground or fail to give adequate directions for cutting out the pattern once a satisfying design is forthcoming.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that one looks through the pages of Kelly and Schwabe's "Historic Costume." Here is a sensible book which confines itself to a three-hundred-year period in Western Europe, embracing within its scope detailed practical suggestions with designs selected from the best authentic sources. It is a book for the worker. One ventures to guess that a copy of it will ultimately be found in most of the professional theatres. It may be enthusiastically recommended to all little theatre groups, to pageant directors, and to harrassed high school teachers who in these days have to be general managers of scholastic dramatics. Every costume and every detail are carefully dated—an important point, since many designers are content with the bracket of a century. Last of all, in addition to a minutely itemized index, this book contains practical patterns of the more intricate designs. There are many persons in the United States who will be profoundly grateful to these authors.

BLOOD PRESSURE. By *Chester Tilton Sloane.* Allen Ross & Co., 1133 Broadway, New York.

GUTENBERG TO PLANTIN. By *G. P. Winship.* Harvard University Press. $3.

YOUR FOOD AND YOU. By *Ida C. Bailey Allen.* Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

DOLLARS ONLY. By *Edward W. Bok.* Scribners. $1.75.

TURBO-BLOWERS AND COMPRESSORS. By *W. J. Kearton.* Pitman. $6.

HOTEL ORGANIZATION MANAGEMENT AND ACCOUNTANCY. By *G. de Boni* and *F. F. Sharles.* Pitman. $3.

A HANDBOOK OF STYLE OF THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS. Compiled by *Frank D. Halsey.* Princeton University Press. $1 net.

SOILS AND FERTILIZERS. By *A. J. Macself.* Scribners. $2.

BULB GARDENING. By *A. J. Macself.* Scribners. $2.

MAHOGANY, ANTIQUE AND MODERN.. Edited by *William Farquhar Payson.* Dutton.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE MOTION AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE STARS. By *Carl Wilhelm Ludwig Charlier.* University of California Press.

Poetry

MORE IN AMERICAN. By JOHN V. A. WEAVER. Knopf. 1926.

This book follows in the footsteps of its predecessors so closely as to be almost indistinguishable from them. Anyone familiar with Mr. Weaver's earlier volumes of verse will read it without surprise, unless at the contentment with which he plucks at the same strings. His admirers will enjoy in more ways than one the pleasure of recognition. He employs as before the vulgar tongue which he was, we think, the first to introduce into American poetry in rhymed metrical stanzas without humorous intent. He treats as before the themes in which such writers as O. Henry and H. C. Bunner delighted, in their more tender moments. Why, then, does he not achieve as striking an effect as hitherto? It cannot be simply because one is no longer startled by his use of the idiom of street and dock and lodging-house. Is one disappointed to find that he repeats himself? Or is it that the poems show a young, eager, and compassionate human spirit, which is as yet incompletely vocal? One of the finest pieces in the volume is curiously enough, a classical sonnet, on John Butler Yeats, which would have been more effective if the poet had sacrificed the form by cutting the final redundant couplet. A more typical lyric is "The City:"

I was steppin' along, whistlin'
And Spring was liftin' my feet.
The buildings was all bright in the sun,
There was gold in the street.

And just that minute, in the Square
What did I have to see
Inside of a rusty wire cage
But a scraggly tree.

"Help! Help!" I thought it said . . .
Its branches was all tired and thin . . .
Was the cage to pertect it, and keep things out,
Or the tree in?

Oh, I knew it was silly, but right then
My feet felt somethin' holdin' 'em down;
And the whistle was gone, and the gold was only
A sick brown.

OXFORD POETRY, 1925. Edited by *Frederick Mondhouse* and *Charles Plumb.* Appleton. $1.

PERSHING SQUARE AND OTHER PHILOSOPHY. By *Helen Runyon Belknap* and *Andor de Soos.* Privately printed.

A GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS. Edited by *Hyder E. Rollins.* Harvard University Press. $5.

SCARLET AND MELLOW. By *Alfred Kreymborg.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

DARK ALTAR STAIRS. By *Leah Rachel Yoffie.* Saint Louis: Modern View Publishing Co. $1.25.

Travel

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. By *Manuel Komroff.* Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

MY CROWDED SOLITUDE. By *Jack McLaren.* McBride. $3.50 net.

BODIAM CASTLE. By *Marquis Curzon of Kedleston.* Houghton Mifflin. $10.

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES. By *J. H. Wade.* McBride. $2.50 net.

AMERICAN SHRINES ON ENGLISH SOIL. By *J. F. Muirhead.* Macmillan. $3.

PORTO RICO. By *Knowlton Mixer.* Macmillan. $4.

Brief Mention

THOUGH one could hardly say that the Spring is yet here, many minds are thinking of trips abroad for the summer. In this connection a small group of books related to travel, upon our shelf, are of interest.

The first and most obvious type of book helpful to travellers is represented by one of a series of "Little Guides" to various sections of England and the Continent, published by Robert M. McBride & Company at $2.50 a volume. The one before us is "Cathedral Cities of England and Wales," by *J. H. Wade,* M. A., with twenty-four illustrations from photographs and a map. This is a guide to the cathedral towns presenting historical facts and biographical incident connected with the cities and edifices described. Of course, if one is in London, one of the chief things to see is the National Gallery, with a trip also to the Tate, the Wallace collection, and so on. In "The Lure of the London Galleries" by *Arthur Milton* (McBride: $2) there is an excellent descriptive account of the pictures displayed there, together with facts concerning the lives of their makers and the circumstances of their production. This is a book of lively appreciation rather than of critical discussion. And a more general book on Wales is *A. G. Bradley's* "In Praise of North Wales," an account of travels which mingles description of scenery with odds and ends of history and picturesque anecdote, sketches of persons, general ruminations, etc. The front end-paper map is delightful and the book has many excellent photographic illustrations. It comes from Houghton Mifflin and is priced at five dollars. To conclude this group, "Bodiam Castle Sussex, A Historical and Descriptive Survey," by the *Marquis Curzon of Kedleston,* K. G. (owner of the castle), is another Houghton Mifflin book ($10), constituting a handsomely printed monograph by the late Marquis on a castle on the borders of Sussex and Kent, which was his possession and, at times, his home. Together with its architectural description it contains much matter of historical and biographical interest. It is beautifully illustrated.

Other climes, of course, may call the traveller. "The South American Handbook" for 1926 (South American Publications, Ltd., Atlantic House, Moorgate, London, E. C. 2) is an English guide to South America, Central America, Cuba, and Mexico, and adequate to its purpose. Whence we turn to a miscellaneous group of books, beginning with some biography and history.

The Harvard University Press has now reprinted at four dollars a new edition of a valuable and original book for some time out of print. This is *Barrett Wendell's* most important work, his biography of "Cotton Mather: The Puritan Priest." *D. C. Harvey,* Assistant Professor of History in the University of Manitoba, gives us, through the Yale University Press ($3) a monograph on the tragic story of the French occupation of Isle St. Jean. It is entitled "The French Régime in Prince Edward Island" and is surprisingly broad in its scope and interest. Another revision of a standard work, in order to cover important governmental changes since 1921, when it was first published, is "Principles and Problems of Government," by *Charles Grove Haines,* Professor of Political Science at the University of California, Southern Branch, and by *Bertha Moser Haines.* This is published by Harper & Brothers at $3.25.

Three English importations we wish to mention next are, first, *Thomas Lloyd Humberstone's* very interesting "University Reform in London," a discussion of the vexed question of the University of London, which has always suffered from the prestige of Oxford and Cambridge. The book is a survey of the special problems of a great municipal university. (George Allen & Unwin: 7s 6d.) From Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, at an American price of $3 and $6 respectively, come "Hotel Organization Management and Accountancy," by *G. de Boni and F. F. Sharles,* a pioneer book in an important field of modern industry, and "Turbo-Blowers and Compressors," by *W. J. Kearton,* an excellent technical work.

The remaining books upon this week's shelf cannot be included in any especial group. Here is Duffield & Company's fourth edition, at $1.75, of "My Chinese Marriage," by *M. T. F.,* a book worth reprinting, simply and honestly told, with a point of view on China and social overleapings that is instructive in a high degree. *Arthur L. Holland,* Assistant Professor of Clinical Medicine in the Cornell University Medical College, has produced a sensible and simply written small volume upon "Indigestion: What It Is and How to Prevent It" (Appleton: $1.25), which embodies no new theories but lays a greater emphasis than is usual in such books upon preventative measures, with very clear explanations of what happens, and of what is supposed to happen but does not, in indigestion. For dog owners, "You and Your Dog," by *Fred C. Kelly* (Doubleday, Page: $1.75), who has made studies in the working of human nature in business, etc., is a sympathetic and sane discussion of the psychology of the dog. A preparatory chapter traces the influence of race history on contemporary dog behavior. Later chapters present the methods of proper dog training and the *rationale* of dog conduct.

We conclude our miscellaneous group with several light works of fiction. *Harold MacGrath's* "The Sporting Spinster" is an entertaining account of a strong minded but thoroughly likable husky aunt of the modern school who wasn't going to let her little nephew be brought up wrong. It is published by Doubleday, Page at $1.25. The latest *Edgar Rice Burroughs's* yarn, and a wild one it is, is "The Moon Maid" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) It is a slightly Wellsian tale, laid in the future of the world, and is written with the usual melodramatic touch of Mr. Burroughs.

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The World of Rare Books

By William Arthur Deacon

SOME FAMOUS FINDS

IN the last number of *The Book Collector's Quarterly* Ernest Dressel North discusses "Famous Finds" and ventures the opinion that "there never has been a time when industry, knowledge, and continuity of purpose have had greater rewards than the present," and relates a number of incidents in support of his claim. Mr. North says:

"Many years ago there was offered at Bangs & Co., well known auctioneers, then at 741 Broadway, a bundle of 'Old Plays, etc., 11 vols.' Some kind fairy induced me to examine the bundle before the sale and in it to my surprise and delight was the first edition of Sheridan's 'The Rivals.' I bid up to $4.25 and secured the bundle. The play at the time was worth about $100. It has since fetched about two and a half times this amount.

"I remember once being in London and ordering my purchases of a certain bookseller whose shop is well known to the collector. His prices are so high that only step ladders can reach them. While giving final directions for the shipment of the books, my eyes fell upon a beautiful little volume in red levant morocco of a French author with whom I was not familiar. On the front and back cover was the well known coat-of-arms of Baron Longpierre which indicated that he was a Knight of the Golden Fleece. My bookselling friend was unaware of the provenance of the book and I purchased it for a few shillings.

"As I was departing from the shop of a famous London binder who occasionally had a few books for sale, a wave of his hand called my attention to a shelf full of recent purchases and he asked if I would not like to look them over. This invitation accepted, my eye lit upon a copy of Burns's 'Poems,' in contemporary sheep, the edition printed in Edinburgh in 1787, known as the first Edinburgh edition. Wonderful to relate this book was full of handwriting, in ink, giving to the recipient the names of all the persons to whom the poems were dedicated at the head of the poems where there were asterisks, and supplying an additional verse for one of the poems. I said to the bookseller, 'Whose handwriting is this?' He replied, 'I do not know,' to which I answered, 'Neither do I, but I suspect it is Burns.' 'Well,' he said, 'Burns or not the price is so and so,' and I said, 'Am I buying a pig in a poke?' 'Yes,' he replied. When I returned to New York, imagine my delight to find that the book without any question contained the handwriting of Robert Burns.

"The most exciting auction experience I ever had was at the sale of the library of C. W. Frederickson in 1897. I had known Mr. Frederickson intimately and knew of the circumstances under which he had purchased the book about which I am writing. Every auctioneer has a time when the books are catalogued under great pressure and sometimes fall into the hands of inexperienced cataloguers. This was the case in the Frederickson sale. Number 279 was catalogued thus: 'Chaucer (Jeffrey). The Works of our Ancient and Learned Poet, and Lidgate's Story of Thebes, Speghts edition, folio, *Black Letter*. Good copy, folio, old calf, London, 1598.' Mr. Frederickson had been a great Shakespearian collector, but late in life decided that Shakespeare was a fraud and that Bacon had written Shakespeare's plays. From that time he devoted his energies and money to the collecting of Shelley. On examining the book in question, I found the four last blank leaves besprinkled with critical notes in the clerkly handwriting of Charles Lamb. Here then was Charles Lamb's long lost copy of Chaucer. Perhaps the very one returned by Captain Martin Burney with the statement that it was very interesting but 'weren't they bad spellers in those days?' Of course the question was whether any one else had discovered that this was Lamb's copy.

"When the book was offered the bidding was very slow and I nearly secured it for the firm I was representing, for $40, but, alas, another bookseller, older than I and fully as fond of bargains, had discovered the fact and after a heated bidding it was knocked down to the firm I represented for $340. What would Lamb's copy of Chaucer fetch now? Would Mr. J. P. Morgan get it? Would Henry E. Huntington mortgage his holdings in the Southern Pacific Railroad? Would the Pforzheimer brothers form a syndicate to buy it, and would Amy Lowell, if alive, pledge her fortune to secure it?"

CALIFORNIA BOOK COLLECTORS

IN an article "California: Empire of Books," Milton J. Ferguson, librarian of the California State Library, refers to the splendid record that the book collectors of the State of California have made. He says:

"Book collecting is not a new fad, here on the Pacific slope: General Fremont, when the difficulties of transporting a pound of freight greatly surpassed our labor in moving a carload, brought with him over plain, desert, and mountain, a hundred practical volumes which he generously gave to the State Library created early in 1850. Bancroft scoured the world for documents and books to be used as a basis for his western histories, which have not yet been estimated at their full value; and unintentionally, perhaps, did the commonwealth's great state university a signal service. Adolph Sutro, of Nevada mining fame, was an early business man who had most ambitious plans as a gatherer of books. He numbered his purchases by the tens of thousands; but did not live to realize his vision. William A. Clark, Jr., among bibliophiles of any time, is entitled to honorable mention in possessing great literary treasures, which are being recorded in a catalogue beautifully printed by John Henry Nash. The Huntington millions have gone in golden flood to the book markets of the world and have brought back the incomparable collection which will be maintained and preserved in a veritable palace for the use of the public of all time. Thus have collectors worked —to name only a few of them—in delighting themselves, and in the end in benefiting mankind."

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Charles Meeker Kozlay collection of Bret Harte's writings, including first editions, rare ephemera, autograph presentation copies, signed autograph letters, to which are added Mr. Kozlay's collections of first editions of modern authors, among them Conrad, Clemens, Kipling, Hearn, and Stevenson, will be sold at the American Art Galleries March 18. The Harte collection includes 382 lots, the most extensive that has ever appeared in the auction room.

The extraordinary rise in value of the first editions of W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, has been a very noticeable feature of the auction sales in London in recent months. Shortly before Christmas a copy of Hudson's first book, "The Purple Land that England Lost," sold for £59. At Hodgson's in January, presentation copies of "Idle Days in Patagonia" brought £23; "A Shepherd's Life," £22; and "Far Away and Long ago," £16 10s.

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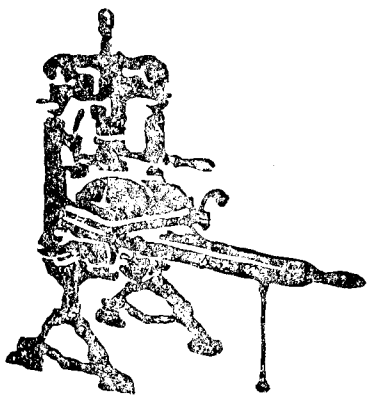

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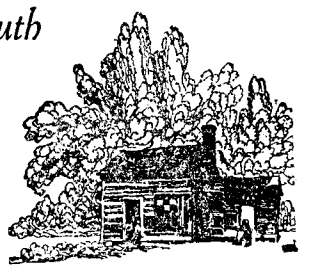
Truth



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The Phoenix Nest

HE thought he saw some catalogues that went from bad to worse, he looked again and found it was "A Book of Nonsense Verse." "Hooray!" he cried, "Calloo, callay! This saves me from the hearse!" . . . For indeed *Langford Reed* has collected more than *Carroll*, more than *Lear*. Rhymes of others (comic brothers) in preposterous apparel posture here. Here are British gems and skittish feats by *Burgess* and by *Riley* and by *Holmes;* here by *Guiterman* (no fitter man) a strain we value highly in his pomes. . . . This collection your affection should most certainly engage. Here are *Belloc*, *Leigh*, and *Graham*, for comparison just lay 'em page to page. As for samples, here are words from Lewis Carroll's "Little Birds":

Little Birds are teaching
Tigresses to smile,
Innocent of guile:
Smile, I say, not smirkle—
Mouth a semicircle,
That's the proper style!

G. P. Putnam publishes these wretches. *H. M. Bateman* furnishes the sketches. * * * Yes, that made us lyrical. * * * If you can call it lyrical. * * * We are getting altogether too lyrical of late. It must be the incipience of Spring. * * * If you call it incipience. * * * At last we've been taking a slight whirl with the work of *Ernest Hemingway* as shewn forth in his book of short stories, "In Our Time," a volume from last year which we had not read before. * * * His stories have power. Soon what he subtitles "A Romantic Novel in Honor of the Passing of a Great Race" will be published by Scribner. It is said to be a satire on the "great race" of writers in our day, and its full cognomen is "The Torrents of Spring." * * * Having tasted Mr. Hemingway's quality, we recommend his new book to your attention. There is no bunkum about this young writer. He seems to find his material in actual experience. * * * Ours is a Celluloid Age. Recognizing that fact, *Terry Ramsaye* has now given us "A Million and One Nights," a history of the Motion Picture as an American epic. * * * *Edison*, who should know, has called this "a monumental work." It certainly promises comprehensiveness, as it is announced as in two volumes at ten dollars. * * * Mr. Ramsaye has investigated the industry for five years and has written without bias from a great deal of first-hand experience; but also, he knows how to set forth the true romance of the great Movie Game, and how to relate the thousand pungent anecdotes that bear essentially on the history of the cinema. * * * We saw *Werfel's* "Goat Song" *again*, and that reminds us that the same firm, Simon and Schuster, that brings out Ramsaye's moving-picture epic, published *Helen Jessiman's* translation of Werfel's "Verdi, a Novel of the Opera." * * * Werfel is thirty-five, and there is already talk of him for the Nobel Prize. Certainly our second witnessing of "Goat Song" convinced us once and for all of its greatness as drama. * * * Speaking of which, here's something interesting about the Theatre Guild's plans for next season. They intend to test the value of repertory in comparison with the usual system of playing a play for the longest possible run. * * * They are going to produce with a permanent company in repertory. *Alfred Lunt*, *Lynn Fontanne*, *Clare Eames*, *Margalo Gillmore*, *Helen Westley* and others have already been signed. * * * With repertory in mind the stage of the new theatre was built to house four plays at once. * * * The practice of repertory makes the actor or actress a sensitive instrument ready to act the part assigned, not chosen to fit the part and play himself. The actor will find variety and interpret with greater understanding. A great company can thus be built up. * * * If the commercial value of each play is sacrificed somewhat, better productions, it is thought, will result * * * Longmans, Green has brought out two most interesting books in "My Apprenticeship," by *Beatrice Webb* ($6), and the second series of "The Letters of *Queen Victoria*" published by authority of His Majesty the King, and edited by *George Earle Buckle*, author of the later volumes of "The Life of Disraeli." * * * The two volumes of Queen Victoria's letters sell for fifteen dollars. * * * Mrs. Webb, widely known with her husband *Sidney Webb* as a social investigator and writer, and as co-author of "Industrial Democracy" and "The History of Trade Unionism," tells the story of her formative years,—of a woman invading the masculine domain of professional research and social philosophy. * * * Mrs. Webb was born into the British intellectual aristocracy and supposedly destined for London society, but she determined to fight for spiritual integrity and professional distinction. * * * She has become one of the most remarkable women of our time. * * * And in case you think that one has to write to England to get books from Longmans, Green, their New York address (if you don't know it) is 55 Fifth Avenue, this city. * * * A book upon which we have been meaning to comment, and have neglected, is *Judge Benjamin Barr Lindsey's* "The Revolt of Modern Youth." It was published by Boni & Liveright at the close of 1925 and was written in collaboration with *Wainwright Evans*. * * * We read it with absorption. * * * It deals with the pathetic and sometimes tragic problems of youth as presented to Judge Lindsey in his administration of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. * * * Naturally, sex is a prime factor in these problems. * * * Denver has been the Judge's laboratory but he is most certainly justified in affirming that the conditions hold true for every city and town in the United States. Surely no one can read this book without a kindling admiration for Judge Lindsey's intelligence, wisdom, liberal courage, and just plain ordinary (only it isn't ordinary) common sense. * * * If you are interested in the Harvard Advertising Awards for 1925, and the fact that The Harvard Business School gave a gold medal to *Earnest Elmo Calkins*, President of Calkins and Holden, Inc., for his pioneering efforts in raising the standards both of the planning and execution of advertising, you ought to know Mr. Calkins's book, "The Business of Advertising" (Appleton) which is a standard work upon this vast business field. * * * We don't believe we have yet spoken of *Paul de Kruif's* "Microbe Hunters" (Harcourt), the true story of the adventures of the pioneers of bacteriology,—though other literary columnists have been giving it a good deal of space. * * * Well, it *is* most assuredly, both an important and fascinating work. De Kruif's literary fame, ere this, has depended upon the part he played in the production of *Sinclair Lewis's* "Arrowsmith," but now as a writer of salient and vivid biography he displays his own literary quality, as well as a wealth of information. * * * Take note of the School of Irish Studies at 6 East 12th Street, where *Padraic Colum* and *Joseph Campbell* have been lecturing. There are regular classes of study there, in Irish Drama, the Irish Language, Irish Literature and Traditional Singing, and Saturday nights are original nights and given over to musical and literary selections. * * * Doubleday, Page and Company have just issued a new edition of *Henry George's* "Progress and Poverty," for the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation. This remains one of the great American sociological books. * * * In the Village of Eden (charming name) in Erie County, New York, *Spencer Kellogg, Jr.*, has founded the Aries Press, for the printing of books in limited editions. His motto is "Studio non Pretio," his leaflet most charming. His first book is *Richard Middleton's* "The Ghost Ship." So much for fiction! We shall now step down, and yield our rostrum up to *Lewis Browne*. His letter is in prose. He writes as one who knows:

> Please let your correspondent, *E. H. Stone*, know that Lewis Browne, author of "Stranger Than Fiction," is indeed a Jew and a rabbi. Though born in London, he is a Cincinnatian by alma martyrdom, having prepared for the rabbinate in the latter city. He has never actually been unfrocked (rabbis don't wear frocks), but he did find himself compelled to resign his first charge (Waterbury, Conn.) because of his stand in a free-speech fight in that community. He is now associated with Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, having charge of the Free Synagogue of Newark. He is leaving the rabbinate this spring, however, to devote all his time to writing. His new book, "This Believing World," an illustrated history of the great religions of mankind, is to be published by Macmillan in September. Much of the book was written and sketched in Jerusalem, to which city Mr. Browne plans to return in order to do a history of Christianity from Jesus to John Roach Straton. I can vouch for the authenticity of these statements, because I am, sir,
>
> Yours affectionately,
>
> Lewis Browne.

* * * And so farewell, dear readers, for the fact is we've got to search our Spring flute out, and practise!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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